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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

OH no! the place is *not* the same, beneath its
sheltering hill,
Though country lanes around it wind, and
tempt the wanderer still,
And though the rustic church's chime repeats
its ding-ding-dong,
To urge the loiterer wasting time with, "Come,
John, come along!"
Although the windmill land and hill to-day's
pedestrian greet,
And though the burrow roses still spring under-
neath his feet,
And though the field that's last but one, *not*
under water now,
Has stepping-stones across, that run o'er what
was once a slough,
And periwinkles from the edge, outside the
vicarage gate,
And sunflowers overtop the hedge where once
we used to wait,
While from the study overhead was uttered
blithe good morrow,
Infectious in its cheerfulness, and deadly foe
to sorrow.
Ah me! it seems but yesterday that churchway
path we trod,
Linked arm in arm with those we loved, to-
wards the house of God,
And full of sweet and serious thought, we
passed with filling eyes
The flower-covered grave wherein our darling
sister lies.
And those were good preparatives for sweet
and serious prayer, —
A dear one in the churchyard, and so many
dear ones there;
And easier seemed the precepts, "Little flock,
love one another,"
"Do good, and hope for no return," "Let
each forgive his brother."
And, sanctified by love and faith, our spirits
closer grew,
As homeward, after evening prayer, we rever-
ently withdrew;
And memories compared of what we heard our
pastor say
Formed the manner of communing that we
held upon our way,
Rendered dearer by his blessing, and some
brief, sweet precept, meant
To dwell within us silently, as o'er the fields
we went,
Such as e'en yet float around us, like some old
melodious hymn,
"Remember Nicodemus, and be teachable like
him."
They did their work, in part, at least, but now
his voice has fled,
And we will not weep him more, nor seek the
living with the dead.*

Golden Hours.

* The Rev. John Hughes, Prebendary of St. David's, and for fifty-four years vicar of Penally, Pembrokeshire, died May 9th, 1873, deeply regretted.

SPRING WORSHIP.

As some fond mother loves to run,
And in her darling's cradle peep,
And feast upon him in his sleep,
And finds her doting never done;

To watch his blossomhood expand;
Detect fresh beauties every day;
Nor lets an hour slip away
Without some favour from her hand —

So I, when Candlemas is o'er,
And leaden days of gloomy cheer,
Delight to watch the budding year,
To see it flourish more and more.

I think it then a natural sin —
When shooting germs begin to prick,
And rubies gem the budding quick —
A kind of crime to stay within.

Then daily I frequent the lane,
And where the crystal runlets rise;
And thank God for his balmy skies,
And feast upon the fair champagne;

Watch lovingly the growth of green,
From lattice-work to copious shroud;
And every flight of feathery cloud;
And every aspect of the scene;

The fallows, mellowing richly dark;
The woodlands, purpling every hill;
The flying bows; the bickering rill;
The heavens, inviting up the lark.

The woodland violet, white or blue;
The native topaz of the bank;
Assailed from heavens on either flank
By wild wood-music, fluting through;

The snowdrop with its airy bell;
The crocus with its golden cup;
The dainty cowslip starting up;
The daisy meek, in many a dell.

The spiritual lilies of the vale;
The spotted foxglove, quaint of hue;
The classic hyacinth steeped in dew;
The pansy, lady of the dale.

For thy sworn lover, Spring, am I;
I watch thee with assiduous love,
Crowned from eternal founts above,
My heart is something like thy sky.

And in thine eyes I get a gleam,
A gleam of everlasting youth;
Ah me, the imperishable truth,
The purity and deathless dream!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Contemporary Review.
MONTROSE.

In a recent drama on John Hampden, the hero speaks thus of Charles I. : —

O that he were a tyrant bold as bad!
His subtle vice is so like princeliest virtue,
That princely hearts will shed their blood for him.

This *ex post facto* prophecy applies with special force to Falkland in England, and in Scotland to Montrose. "The noblest of all the Cavaliers," Montrose has been called; "an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier." In the crowd of striking figures that occupy the stage of the Revolution, there is no one so romantically brilliant as Montrose; no one so picturesquely relieved against other figures that move amid the sad and stormful grandeurs of the time. Those contrasted types of character which have been so well marked in Scottish history as to arrest the attention of Europe, — the cold, cautious, forecasting type, the impetuous and perfervid type, — were never so finely opposed as in the persons of the deep-thoughted, melancholy Argyle, and the impulsive and intrepid Montrose.

James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, in one of his father's castles, near the town of that name. The Grahams were among the most ancient and honourable families of Scotland. Tradition talks of a Graham scaling, in the cause of old Caledonia, the Roman wall between Forth and Clyde, and with clearer accents of a Graham who was the truest and best-beloved of the friends of Wallace, —

Mente manueque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates, —

who sleeps, beneath a stone bearing this inscription, in the old Church of Falkirk, near the field on which he fell. History, taking up the tale from tradition, informs us that one ancestor of Montrose died, sword in hand, at Flodden, and another at Pinkie. His grandfather was High Treasurer to James I.; then Chancellor; finally Viceroy of Scotland. His father

was President of Council, and in 1604 and 1606 carried the Great Seal as one of the foremost nobles of Scotland in the Parliaments held at Perth, when the nobility rode in state. This Lord, who in his youth was hot and headstrong, had subsided, long before the birth of his son James, into a quiet country gentleman, vigilantly managing his estates. He was possessed of great baronies in the counties of Perth, Sterling, Dumbarton, and Forfar, and had exact ideas as to the number of oxen to his ploughs, of puncheons of wine in his cellars, of sacks of corn in his granaries. He was an inveterate smoker, perpetually investing in tobacco and tobacco-pipes, a circumstance which has attracted notice from the sensitive dislike with which his son shrank from the slightest smell of tobacco.

Lord James, as from his infancy he was called, was the only son in a family of six. Margaret, the eldest of his sisters, was married to Lord Napier of Merchiston, son of the discoverer of logarithms; and the brother-in-law, a man of parts and character, exerted a great influence on Montrose in his youth. Two of his sisters appear to have been younger than himself. He must have been a beautiful boy. The pride of his father, the pet of his mother and elder sisters, the heir to an exalted title and broad lands, he was likely to feel himself from childhood an important personage, and to have any seeds of ostentation, vanity, and wilfulness which might be sown in his nature somewhat perilously fostered.

His boyhood was favourable in an eminent degree to the generous and chivalrous virtues. We can fancy him scampering on his pony over the wide green spaces of the old Scottish landscape, when roads were still few, and the way from one of his father's castles to another would be by the drove-roads, or across the sward and the heather. Travelling, even of ladies and children, was then almost universally performed on horseback. Lord James had two ponies expressly his own, and we hear of his fencing-swords and his bow. At Glasgow, whither he proceeded to study at

twelve years of age, under the charge of a tutor named William Forrett, he continued to ride, fence, and practise archery. He was attended by a valet and two young pages of his own feudal following, Willy and Mungo Graham. He had a suit of green camlet, with embroidered cloak, and his two pages were dressed in red. He and Forrett rode out together, Lord James on a white horse. Among his books was the History of Geoffrey de Bouillon, and one of his favourite volumes was Raleigh's History of the World. The establishment was supplied with "manchets," the white bread of the period, and oatcake and herrings were important items in the commissariat. These particulars, gleaned by Mr. Mark Napier from memoranda made by Forrett, enable us to realize with vividness the life of the boy Montrose in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the Clyde was still a silvery river glancing by the quiet town that clustered round the old Cathedral of Glasgow.

From Glasgow we trace him to St. Andrews, where he matriculated in the University a few months before his father's death. He was fourteen when the shrewd and experienced Earl, whose predominance might have kept him beneficially in the shade, and exercised an influence to chasten and concentrate his faculties, was laid in the family vault. From this time Montrose appears to have been very much lord of himself. His was a mind of that order which peculiarly required, to develop its utmost strength, all that wise men mean by discipline. To develop its utmost strength; not necessarily to develop its utmost beauty and natural grace and splendour. There was no malice, or guile, or cross-grained self-will, or obstinate badness of any kind, in young Montrose. He accepted, with open-hearted welcome, the influence of Forrett, of Napier, of every worthy friend or teacher, winning and retaining through life their ardent affection. The poetry, the romance, of his nature bloomed out in frank luxuriance. But the gravity and earnest strength, the patient thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and habit of comprehensive intellectual vision, which are

indispensable to men who not only play a brilliant part in great revolutions, but regulate and mould them, were never his; and we cannot be sure that, under the authority of a sagacious, affectionate, and determined father, he might not have attained them. There is no sign that, at college, he engaged seriously in study. He became probably a fluent Latinist, which no man with any pretensions to education could then fail to be; he was fond of Cæsar, whose Commentaries he is said to have carried with him in his campaigns; and he loved all books of chivalrous adventure; but we hear of no study that imposed self-denial, or required severe application. He was a distinguished golf-player and archer. There being now no heir, in the direct line, to the earldom and estates, he was counselled by his friends to marry early, and when only seventeen led to the altar Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk. He was already the father of two boys when, on attaining his majority, he started on his Continental travels in 1633.

For three years he remained abroad, in France and Italy. He made himself, say his panegyrists, "perfect in the academics;" learned "as much mathematics as is required for a soldier" (rather less probably than Count Moltke might prescribe); conversed with celebrities, political and erudite; and devoted himself by preference to the study of great men. Doubtless these were years of eager observation, of eager and rapid acquisition. He seems to have already impressed a wide circle with the idea of his superiority, and he was prone to accept the highest estimate which his flatterers formed of him.

Returning from the continent in 1636, he presented himself at Court. Charles received him coldly, and he was hurt. There is no need to believe with Mr. Napier that the Marquis of Hamilton elaborately plotted to prevent his acquiring influence with the King. Clarendon's remark respecting Charles, that he "did not love strangers nor very confident men," accounts for what happened. A dash of ostentation and self-confidence was con-

spicuously present in Montrose ; and, as his sister Catherine was known to be at this time lurking in London in an adulterous connection with her brother-in-law, it may have occurred to the King that it would be not unbecoming in the young gentleman to carry less sail.

In Scotland he found himself a person of consequence. He was in the front rank of the nobility, his estates were large, his connection extensive ; and there was a general persuasion that he was capable of great things. It was of high importance to secure such a man to the popular cause, and Montrose was not indisposed to throw himself into the movement. The scheme of Thorough, in its two branches of enslavement in Church and State, had been applied to the Scottish Parliament and to the Scottish Church. Mr. Brodie, whose valuable work on our Constitutional History has been, perhaps, too much thrown in the shade by Hallam, points out the grasping arbitrariness with which, in his visit to Scotland in 1633, Charles laid his hand upon the civil as well as the religious liberties of Scotland. On returning from his travels in 1636, Montrose became convinced that both were in danger, and with all that was best in the intelligence and most fervent in the religion of Scotland, he prepared for their defence. Against Thorough the National Covenant of 1638 was Scotland's protest. It corresponds, in its essential meaning, though not in time, to the impeachment of Strafford by the Commons of England. In each instance the respective nations may be pronounced unanimous. Clarendon acted with Hampden and Pym against Strafford ; Montrose put his name to the National Covenant as well as Argyle, and sat upon the same Table, or, as we should now say, managing committee, of Covenanting Nobles with Lothian and Rothes. Baillie says that the Covenanters found it difficult to "guide" him ; but this arose, in the earlier stages of the business, not because his Covenanting zeal was in defect, but because he would do things in a high-handed, and what appeared to them an imprudently open way. The Tables, for example, had looked after the Presby-

terial elections to the Glasgow Assembly of 1638 with a particularity savouring rather of paternal government on the modern Imperial type than of a government extemporized for the purpose of vindicating, as one chief thing, the freedom of Presbyteries in Scotland. This fact turned up inopportunistically in the Assembly itself, through the awkwardness of a clerk, who blurted out the name of the man whom one of the Presbyteries had been instructed by the Edinburgh Tables to return. The Rev. David Dickson endeavored to explain, hinting that the name in question had been sent down to the Presbytery through negligence. Montrose would not countenance even so much of pious guile. He started to his feet, put aside canny David's explanation, and declared that the Tables would stand to every jot of what they had written. He had no secretiveness in his nature, and could do nothing by halves. He was at this time a resolute and even an enthusiastic Covenanter.

Partly, perhaps, with a view to humouring and leading him, partly, also, because they knew that he was at heart true to the cause, the Covenanters named him Generalissimo of the army which proceeded to Aberdeen in the beginning of 1639, to check the Marquis of Huntley, who was in arms in the royal interest, and to chastise the anti-covenanting town. He was accompanied by General Alexander Leslie, nominally his Adjutant, really his instructor. Montrose took his first practical lessons in war with the aptitude of genius born for the field. The Aberdonians and the Gordons felt the weight of his hand, and the Royalists in the north-east of Scotland were effectually quelled ; but even while enforcing the Covenant at the sword-point, he proclaimed that his zeal for the religious liberties of Scotland was not more honest than his allegiance to his Sovereign ; and there sprang up and gradually strengthened in him the idea that Argyle and his party were pressing matters too far, that enough had been conceded by Charles, and that the day was drawing near when it would be necessary to make a stand for the Monarchy.

In point of fact, sincere as was the

Covenanting zeal of Montrose, it was never so fervent as in some of the Covenanters. He was a religious man, but his religion was a very different thing from that of Cromwell, Vane, or Argyle. With them religion was an impassioned energy of spiritual enthusiasm; with him it was the devout and reverent loyalty with which a noble nature regards the Sovereign of the universe. If the main current of tendency in those years was religious,—if the main factor in world-history was religious earnestness,—the circumstance that Montrose was not a supremely religious man, would account for his having played a glittering rather than a great part in the Revolution. Cardinal de Retz's compliment gives the reason why it was impossible for him to be a Scottish Cromwell. Cardinal de Retz pronounced him "the solitary being who ever realized to his mind the image of those heroes whom the world sees only in the biographies of Plutarch." A Plutarchian hero was out of date in the age of the Puritans. Montrose aspired to emulate the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander. Cromwell sought the Lord in the Psalms of David. Add to this that, in comparison with Argyle and the best heads in the party, Montrose was deficient in judgment, in experience, in thorough apprehension of the organic facts of the revolution. His lack of judgment is demonstrated by his entire misconception of the views of Argyle and Hamilton. He took up the notion that these men aimed at sovereignty. This, as the sequel proved, was an hallucination. When Charles I. was struck down and not yet beheaded, Hamilton did not attempt to set the Scottish crown on his own head, but lost his life in an effort to replace it and that of England on the head of Charles. When Charles I. was dead, Argyle did not seize the throne of Scotland, which would have been a hopeful enough enterprise, but staked all on a hopeless attempt to regain for Charles II. the throne of Charles I. The motives of Argyle's conduct, at the period when his path diverged from that of Montrose, are sufficiently clear. Well acquainted with the character of the king, with the policy and projects of Laud and Strafford, with the wrongs of the English Puritans and their estimate of the danger threatening the liberties of the nation, he knew that it would be puerile simplicity to accept the professions of Charles as an adequate guarantee of what Scotland required and demanded. Montrose, ar-

dent in his devotion to his country as Argyle, had never conferred with Hampden, never imbibed from the English Puritans their invincible distrust of Charles.

There was much also in the character of Montrose to predispose him to that lofty but somewhat vague idealization of authority, that enthusiasm for the representative of a long line of kings, that reverence for the established order of things, and that partly aristocratic, partly feminine shrinking from the coarser and cruder associations of democracy, which constitute the poetry of modern Toryism. Mr. Mark Napier has printed an essay by Montrose, brief but of singular interest, in which his conception of kingly authority and popular freedom, and of the relation between the two, is set forth with as much lucidity as is common in writings of that generation, and with a certain stateliness and pomp of expression which, taken along with the touches of poetry occurring in Montrose's verse, prove that, in altered circumstances, he might have been a remarkable writer. The value or valuelessness of the piece in respect of political philosophy may be gauged by the fact that Montrose has not grasped the central idea of politics in modern times, to wit, representation. The truth that sovereignty resides in the people, and that kingship is a delegation from the people, which was then beginning to make itself felt as a power in world-history, and was firmly apprehended by Hampden, Cromwell, Pym, and Vane, has no place in Montrose's essay. The notion of royal authority as something distinct, balanced against national right or freedom,—a notion which has bewildered political fanciers, down to the days of Mr. Disraeli—is what he fundamentally goes upon. "The king's prerogative," he says, "and the subject's privilege are so far from incompatibility, that the one can never stand unless supported by the other. For the sovereign being strong, and in full possession of his lawful power and prerogative, is able to protect his subjects from oppression, and maintain their liberties entire; otherwise not. On the other side, a people, enjoying freely their just liberties and privileges maintaineth the prince's honour and prerogative out of the great affection they carry towards him; which is the greatest strength against foreign invasion, or intestine insurrection, that a prince can possibly be possessed with." He speaks of "the oppression and tyr-

anny of subjects, the most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world." He is prepared to go lengths in submission to the "prince" which show that he never kindled into sympathy with the high, proud and free spirit of the English Puritans, never got beyond the figment of indefeasible right in an anointed king. Subjects, he declares, "in wisdom and duty are obliged to tolerate the vices of a prince as they do storms and tempests, and other natural evils which are compensated with better times succeeding." Here were the germs of a Royalism as enthusiastic as could be found among the young lords and swash-bucklers who were now beginning to cluster round Charles at Whitehall.

With Montrose, in his political speculations or dreams, were associated Napier of Merchiston, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall. These had "occasion to meet often" in Merchiston Hall, the residence of Napier, near Edinburgh, a turreted keep or castle, with bartizan atop, on which, in the feudal times, the sentinel made his rounds, and which, in the less martial days that now were, afforded on summer evenings a pleasant lounge. There Montrose and his friends, secure from intrusion, could talk politics, theoretical and practical, casting a glance at intervals over the loveliest landscape, the green-blue Pentlands on the left, the soft undulating swell of Corstorphine hill on the right, while the setting sun flooded with amber glow the valley that lay between. At the foot of the tower, now fronted with a white dwelling-house, but which then stood bare and gaunt, were the meadows which logarithmic Napier, as fond of experimental farming as of algebra, had nursed into sap and luxuriance. Algebra and cow-feeding are not generally considered promotive of speculative romance, but the inventor of logarithms gave play to his imagination in the study of prophecy, and was an intrepid theorist on Antichrist and Armageddon. Lord Napier, Montrose's friend and brother-in-law, was the son of this many-sided genius, and seems to have inherited his vein of imaginative enthusiasm rather than his sagacious intelligence of algebraic figures and agricultural facts. In Lord Napier's society Montrose found himself steadily growing in that romantic loyalty which is rooted in the affections rather than in the intellect, and in opposition to the Covenanting chiefs. He was working himself

out of the main current of his country's history, and getting into a track of his own.

We can imagine the effect which a personal interview with Charles, at the period when he made his first important concessions to his Scottish subjects, would have upon Montrose. They met at Berwick in July, 1639, when the King, finding it impracticable to reduce the Scots by force of arms, patched up an agreement with the Covenanters, and might well seem, to one predisposed to trust him, to have yielded all that his countrymen could reasonably expect. The "melancholy Vandyke air," the pathetic dignity which seldom forsook Charles in private, the studied delicacy of consideration and praise with which he well knew how to act upon a young man not without his touch of egotism and of vanity, won the heart of Montrose. The latter did not come to a breach with the Covenanters, but henceforward he vehemently exerted himself to oppose by constitutional methods the party which suspected Charles. He placed himself in frank antagonism to Argyre in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh early in 1640. His belief was that the King meant well and that the objects of the Covenant had been secured. He was now in constant correspondence with Charles, but his letters contained nothing to imply that he had ceased to be a Covenanter. Nay, he made bold to give his royal correspondent advice which is surprising for its courageous honesty. "Practise, sir, the temperate government; it fitteth the humour and disposition of Scotland best; it gladdeth the hearts of your subjects; strongest is that power which is based on the happiness of the subject."

The position of Montrose was rapidly becoming painful, rapidly becoming untenable. Restlessness, agitation, petulant loquacity were the external signs of a conflict with which his mind was torn. Anxiously and ardently loyal, he could not enter with enthusiasm into the views of those who promoted the second Scottish levy against Charles, or take any delight in the advance into England. It was undeniable, however, that the Covenanters had many causes of offence, and as they professed, in the new appeal to arms, to fight not against the King but his evil counsellors, he did not come to an open rupture with the Scottish leaders. He commanded 2500 men in Alexander Leslie's army, and dashed gallant-

ly into the Tweed when the lot fell upon him to be the first to cross the river. But before marching for England, he had joined with nineteen other Scottish noblemen in an engagement to check the disloyal predominance of Argyle and Hamilton, and his correspondence with the King was not suspended on account of his being, to all appearance, in arms against his Majesty. We shall not, I think, do injustice to Montrose if we believe that, though he probably was half-unconscious of the fact, he was at this time irritated by finding himself restricted to a secondary part in Scotch affairs. At the Council Board he was eclipsed by Argyle; in the field he was eclipsed by Leslie. He would have been ashamed to own to himself such a feeling; but it was one element in his unrest; for he was impatient, masterful, proud, and had more confidence in himself than he had yet communicated to other people. Mr. Mark Napier says that he told Colonel Cochrane at Newcastle that he thought of following the wars abroad, and complained of being "a man envied," whom "all means were used to cross." His capacity of obedience was not so great as it has generally been in great commanders. Splendidly generous to all who "were, or were willing to be, inferior to him," he was not, Clarendon hints, equally happy in his dealings with "superiors and equals."

On the other hand, it were shallow to impute to him conscious treachery. He declared that he had a right to correspond with his sovereign, devoted allegiance to whom was professed by every Covenanter arrayed against him. Montrose had no reserve; wore his heart on his sleeve; talked to every one who would listen to him against Argyle. Even Mr. Napier, who is as mad as a March hare in admiration for his hero, admits that at this time he conducted himself like a "simpleton." His fury against Argyle hurried him at length into an extremity of indiscretion. Mr. John Stewart of Ladywell brought him a story about Argyle having spoken of a deposition of the King, and of his (Argyle's) seizing the dictatorship. It is absurd to suppose that Argyle said anything like this; it is inconceivable that he should have said it to Mr. Stewart; but Montrose gave ear to the tale and went about spreading it. Argyle denied on oath the charge made by Stewart, and the latter was condemned and executed for the crime of leasing-making, that is, of telling lies calculated

to provoke disagreement between the King and his subjects. At the same time when he was discreditably mixing himself up in the Ladywell business, Montrose was detected in a correspondence with Charles of a more suspicious nature than had previously been made public. Along with his friends Napier, Stirling of Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall, he was arrested, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle on a charge of plotting. This was in June, 1641.

The short visit of the King to Edinburgh in August, 1641, has extraordinary interest for one who studies the character of Charles I., and a considerable interest for one who studies the less puzzling character of Montrose. Charles could never give his heart wholly either to supremely able men or to men of perfect moral uprightness and temperate wisdom. Neither the giant strength of Wentworth, nor the constitutional moderation of Hyde, was quite to his mind. He liked young, showy, extravagantly promising men, whose boyish ecstasies of loyalty fanned his lurking self-worship. In Digby he found one such man, in Montrose another; and it was to bring to maturity schemes based upon the support of the Digby party in England, and the Montrose party in Scotland, that he proceeded to Edinburgh in 1641. He told Hyde that he would "undertake for the Church," if nothing serious were effected against it before he went to Scotland. The English Root and Branch party, aiming as they did at the abolition of Episcopacy, had thoroughly alarmed him. He was brought into a state of mind in which it was easy for him to throw into provisional abeyance his projects for the ecclesiastical organization of Scotland, and to make any sacrifices which might be necessary to secure the support of the Scots to his English policy. Between Montrose and him therefore there was common ground. True to the Covenant, Montrose could require and obtain for Scotland the religious and civil privileges which the Covenanters demanded. If Charles, on the other hand, overthrew Argyle and Hamilton, and placed the administration of Scotland and the Scotch army under Montrose, he might return to London with the certainty not only that his English policy would meet with no interruption from the North, but that in case of emergency it would be supported by a body of troops from Scotland. Montrose's imprudence, landing him in Edinburgh Castle, increased the difficulty

of carrying out this plan, but did not render it hopeless. Clarendon says that "by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber," Montrose "came privately to the King" and conferred with him on the plan. Mr. Brodie and Professor Masson hold that Montrose could not have conferred personally with Charles because he was in prison. But Clarendon's statement implies knowledge by the writer that Montrose was in prison. The interview was private, and Mr. William Murray was the instrument who managed the probably not very difficult bribings and whisperings which were necessary to bring it about. If Montrose had been at large he would have been in daily attendance upon the King, and Clarendon's evident intention, in making any mention of William Murray and of privacy, is to give pointedness to the statement that, in spite of his confinement, Montrose made his way to Charles. There is no likelihood, however, that Montrose advised the King to put Argyle and Hamilton to death. If he did, the wickedness of the counsel would be somewhat palliated by the consideration that he might look upon Argyle and Hamilton as the murderers of Stewart of Ladywell; but the arrest of these noblemen and the overturn of their administration were sufficient for Montrose's scheme; and it is hardly conceivable that he would have advised a step which must have convulsed Scotland with horror and indignation. The scheme, whatever may have been its details, failed utterly. Charles and Montrose were not the men to conduct a plot against Argyle. The King was as usual the victim of his own cunning. Hamilton and Argyle received information of what was on foot, and left Edinburgh declaring their lives in danger. Charles was profuse in disavowals, and though the popular chiefs both in Scotland and England disbelieved him, the shrewd and cautious Argyle was willing to make matters easy for reconciliation. Montrose and his friends were released from prison. Argyle was created a marquis. Charles conceded all the demands of the Scots and returned to London.

Montrose affirmed in his latest hours that he had been true to the Covenant. Nothing which we have seen is inconsistent with this position. There is every reason to believe that he viewed with satisfaction the concessions made by the King to the Covenanters, although he was doubtless mortified to find that the administration of affairs in Scotland must

continue in the hands of his rivals. His loyalty had been deepening in fervour, and he would henceforth feel that impassioned devotion was the sentiment where-with he and all Scotsmen ought to regard the king.

He was accordingly prepared to encounter with impassioned resistance the proposal of Vane in 1643, that Scotland should take part with the English Parliament, and send an army to oppose the king. He had signed the National Covenant of Scotland: he never signed, he infinitely detested, the Solemn League and Covenant. The descendant of Scotland's ancient kings had given the Scots all they asked; he was now struggling sword in hand with his English subjects; and impelled by his every instinct of justice, loyalty, and gratitude, Montrose declared that, if his countrymen fought against Charles, he would fight against his countrymen. "The Covenant," he said, in a solemn hour, "I took; I own it, and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them; I never intended to advance their interest: but when the king had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the King, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the uttermost." All the logic of Scottish Royalism is in these words; and, for one who believed that Charles was honest, the argument was complete and invulnerable.

When Alexander Leslie and his Scots entered England to assist the Parliament in January, 1644, Montrose was in the Royal camp at Oxford, eagerly offering his services. How different might have been the sequel if Charles had placed Montrose in a position whence he might have made his way to the chief command in England! In the beginning of 1644, the spirit of the English cavaliers was unbroken, the military resources of Charles were great. What from first to last was wanting to the king was one consummately able military man, and who shall say what the result might have been if the military genius, which burned itself away in the Highlands of Scotland, had found its work in marshalling, and bringing into the field, and directing in battle the immense fighting power available for the cause of Charles in England? Montrose, however, was not yet known, and his immediate promotion to high

command would have given offence to the English cavaliers. Some troops were placed at his disposal, and in March, 1644, he commenced operations in the North of England. He took Morpeth Castle, displaying in the exploit, courage, promptitude, and energy, but effected nothing of importance. He does not appear to have mastered the conditions of the situation in the south, or to have perceived where the vital part of the business was being transacted. Had he done so, he would surely have made his way to Marston Moor, as Cromwell did; and might, in the hour of battle, have supplemented with effect "Newcastle's heartless head and Rupert's headless heel." He was not present on that memorable field, and evinced his ignorance of the pass to which it had brought the king's affairs by asking Prince Rupert to give him a thousand horse in order that he might cut his way with them into Scotland. Rupert showed his sense of the inopportune of this request by calling to his own standard the men whom Montrose commanded, and leaving him to make his way to Scotland as he might.

He had ample parchment powers from the king, but absolutely nothing else. Prince Maurice was nominally invested with the chief command in Scotland, and Montrose had been named his Lieutenant-General. It was necessary for him to enter Scotland disguised as a groom, in attendance on his two friends, Sir William Rollo and Colonel Sibbald. In their journey across the Scottish lowlands, a soldier who had fought under Montrose recognized him, but the honest fellow kept the secret. He passed through Perth and Angus, not daring to turn aside even into his own mansion to look at his countess and children, and drew bridle finally at Tullibeltoun, a remote and secluded locality between Perth and Dunkeld. It was now the 22nd of August, 1644.

He lurked for a little time in profound concealment, haunting the hills at night, and stealing into a small cottage at day-break, and despatched his two friends to ascertain what glimpse of hope there might be for the Royal cause in Scotland. They returned with gloomy looks and dismal words. The Covenanted Committee of Estates, dominated by Argyle, was everywhere triumphant. Huntley had retired from the conflict, and had betaken himself to the remote fastnesses of Strathnaver in Caithness. One night, when Montrose had taken up his quarters

in Methven wood, he observed a Highlander carrying the well-known rallying sign of the clans, a fiery cross. Venturing to accost the clansman, he learns that he is an emissary of Alexander Macdonald or Colkitto, a Scot by birth who had served under the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, and had landed with some 1200 or 1600 men on the coast of Argyllshire. The messenger, besides carrying the fiery cross, had been instructed by Colkitto to make his way to Montrose, who was believed to be at Carlisle, and to deliver to him a letter. Montrose lost no time in sending the Highlander back with commands to Colkitto to meet him at the castle of Blair among the braes of Athol. Colkitto had established himself in the castle of Blair, when Montrose, who had walked twenty miles across the hills with a single attendant, was seen coming through the heather.

Something in his look told the brave Irish and Highlanders that this was the man they sought. Montrose was now thirty-two, the vigour of perfect manhood blending in his face and person with the last and noblest beauty of youth. The Highland dress displayed to advantage his exquisitely formed limbs and lithe and sinewy frame. His chestnut hair, his proud forehead and piercing grey eye, his aquiline nose, his ruddy and white complexion, his expression of perfect intrepidity and joyful hope, revealed to the quick Celtic apprehension the supreme chieftain and warrior. The lone hills of Athol rang with the fierce acclamations of the clans. The Stewarts and Robertsons, though well affected to the king, had hesitated about joining Colkitto, but they at once placed themselves under the orders of the Royal Lieutenant. They were in number about 800, and 300 of Huntley's men, whose spirit was less easily broken than that of their chief, came in from Badenoch. Lord Kilpont, Sir John Drummond, and Montrose's own nephew, the Master of Maderty, joined with their retainers. Montrose saw himself at the head of a tight little army of, say, 3000 men, and with that solemn ostentation which characterized him and by which he knew how to act upon the fervid fancy of the Highlanders, he unfurled the royal standard. The Highlanders and Irish lacked almost everything but valour. The Irish had "rusty battered matchlocks," and one round of ammunition. There was no artillery, no cavalry. Many of the Highlanders had not even swords. Pikes,

clubs, bows and arrows, figured in their miscellaneous armament, and a considerable number had no weapons at all. Montrose led them instantly to battle.

The Scottish army, horse and foot, was at this time in England, and the force which could be collected on the spur of the moment to meet the impending attack consisted of farm servants, apprentices, burghers zealous for the Covenant but unaccustomed to arms, with a few gentlemen to form a troop or two of cavalry. These wanted only drill to become valuable soldiers, but drill was indispensable, and, with Montrose and Colkitto at hand, impracticable. Lord Elcho, who was in command of the Covenanters, drew out on the heaths of Tippermuir and Culmalindy, near Perth. His men were twice as numerous as those of Montrose. They had six or eight cannon in front. Soon after dawn on the 1st of September, 1644, the royal army appeared. Montrose arranged his troops in one line three deep, the Irish in the centre. He called the attention of those who had no weapons to the large flints which lay about on the moor, capable of being applied with eminent effect by Highland arms to Covenanting heads. At about seven in the morning he gave the word to charge, and the little army sprang forward. The Irish, having fired their one volley, clubbed muskets and fell on. The Highlanders, uttering yells of exultation and fury, dashed into the incoherent masses which knew barely enough of soldiiership to stand in rank. An hour had scarce passed before cannon, colours, baggage had been taken, and the army of the Covenant was a wild mob hurrying towards Perth. In the brief clash of actual conflict only a score or two had fallen, but many hundreds were slain in the flight. The loss on the side of Montrose was insignificant, and the victorious army took possession of Perth.

With the indefinable power of one suited by nature for command, Montrose had inspired his army with confidence the moment he had placed himself at its head. He had apprehended with nicest precision the character of the force at his disposal and that of the levies under Lord Elcho. He saw that the way to handle the Highlanders was to launch them like a bolt at the enemy, their power lying essentially in the charge. In point of fact the Highland charge, well delivered, has on all occasions carried everything before it; again and again,

even so late as 1745, it broke the bayonet line of disciplined troops; and there can be no doubt that, had Montrose or Dundee been in command, it would have shattered Cumberland's army at Culloden. But while he appreciated the fighting capacities of the Highlanders, and used them in a masterly manner, Montrose did not show himself qualified to cope with the defects of a Highland army. A military genius, calm and comprehensive as well as prompt and intrepid, would have perceived these to be, if incurable, fatal to permanence of success. At the moment which in war is most precious of all, the moment when victory is to be improved, the clansmen habitually left the standard in order to reach their native glens and deposit their booty. If the season happened to be that of harvest, they would go to gather in their patches of corn. The commander saw his lines, steadfast in battle, melt away under the sun of victory. This habit of the Highlanders may have been invincible, and Montrose may have known it to be so; but the fact is not self-evident, and there is no proof that he displayed skill or determination in grappling with the mischief. It would have been the part of a military pedant to attempt to turn the Highlanders at once into regular soldiers, or to destroy the organization of the clans; but a far-sighted commander in Montrose's position would have felt the absolute necessity of imparting to them enough of the character of soldiers, as distinguished from brigands, to make them capable of being depended on in the crisis of a campaign. They were excitable, warm-hearted, imaginative, and Montrose knew how to stir their enthusiasm. Had he appealed to them, when victory first crowned his standard, as the only army in Scotland maintaining the Royal cause; had he called upon them to rise from robbers into soldiers; had he pledged his honour that, when the king got his own again, their services would be rewarded; there is no reason to believe that his efforts would have been fruitless. Even if the necessity to yield to some extent to Highland prepossessions was inexorable, a troop, chosen from the various clans and trusted by all, might have been periodically deputed to carry home the plunder, and at the same time to recruit. Having gained command of Perth at the very commencement of his operations, Montrose might have formed a military chest, which he had subsequent opportu-

nities of replenishing, and he might have gradually taken the Highlanders into the king's pay and strengthened his hold upon them. None of these measures seem to have occurred to him. The poetry of war, the romance of the battle and the march, have been known from the days of Homer, but the prose of war is essential to success in the business. Criticism, however, is easy; art is difficult; and it is after all not quite certain that the most cool, and practical of soldiers, a Cæsar, a Frederick, a Napoleon, would have made more of the Highland army than Montrose.

Twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir he was in the north-east of Scotland, marching down the left bank of the Dee to visit Aberdeen. On the 13th of September, he defeated the forces mustered to defend the town. The fighting was more severe than at Tippermuir, but the overthrow of the Covenanters was complete, and the infuriated Irishmen poured into Aberdeen. Montrose, who, with Henderson and other clerical leaders, had at one time done his best to convince the Aberdonians that they ought to take the Covenant and fight the king, and at another had inflicted upon them harsh military chastisement for slowness in following his advice, was bound to exert himself strenuously to protect the town from pillage. Unfortunately, a drummer who had been his herald to the townsmen was shot. An insult, unattended with bloodshed, had been done to his flag before the battle of Tippermuir. Proud of his commission from his sovereign and knowing that it entitled him on any showing to all belligerent rights, he was incensed at these outrages. It is also urged by his apologists that it was beyond his power to restrain the Irish, and that he did what he could to draw them from their prey by pitching his camp, the day after the battle, at Kintore, a village ten miles distant from Aberdeen. It is unquestionable, however, that he made no personal attempt to check the Irish, and that they committed horrible atrocities in what was then one of the most loyal towns in Scotland. No one has imputed deliberate cruelty to Montrose, but he was culpably reckless of blood, and the butchery in the streets of Aberdeen has left a stain upon his name.

Argyle had not been unaware of the landing of Colkitto from Ireland. Thinking it would be easy to crush the little band of Irish, he had hastened to seize their boats, but had subsequently been

anguid in his operations against them, as if the business were too trivial for serious attention. The battles of Tippermuir and Deeside startled him into activity. He put himself, along with Lord Lothian, at the head of such a body of horse and foot as could be relied upon to defeat Montrose if only he could be brought to an engagement. But though he detested Argyle, both personally and on account of his disaffection to Charles, and though he knew the importance of every blow that could be struck for the Royal cause, Montrose would not fight at a disadvantage. He retreated before Argyle, and struck westward from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. Finding himself headed by a second body of Covenanters posted on the left bank of the Spey, he marched up the valley of that river, penetrated into Badenock, and wheeling round by Athol marched again down Deeside. Patient Argyle kept on his track, and the Covenanters of Moray were ready to turn him when his columns showed their heads on the banks of Spey. Once, at the castle of Fyvie, he was almost caught napping; but by his presence of mind and fertility of resource, and by the dashing courage of the Irish, he was extricated from the peril. At Fyvie, as formerly on Deeside, he greatly increased the efficiency of his few horse by interspersing foot soldiers in their ranks, and astonishing the opposing cavalry by the discharge of musketry in their faces. Montrose was familiarly acquainted with Cæsar's Commentaries, and is said to have carried the book with him in his campaigns. It is probable that the expedient of mixing cavalry with infantry was suggested both to Gustavus Adolphus and to Montrose by Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. Its adoption by the Swede set Frederick upon using it in his first battle; but it proved at Molwitz to be misapplied and disastrous.

Three times did Montrose lead Argyle up Spey, round by Athol, and down Dee. Thinking at last that his enemy would be glad to rest and that the work of crushing him might be resumed in spring, Argyle drew off his troops, threw up the command, and retired to enjoy a few weeks of repose in his castle of Inverary. Between him and Montrose towered the loftiest hill ranges in Great Britain, and he flattered himself that no one except his devoted retainers of the clan Campbell knew the passes which led through those mountains into his feudal domain. It was now December, and the austere Mar-

quis might reflect with satisfaction that Montrose, who had not dared to meet him in fight, must winter in the hungry wilds of Athol. What could even a puissant Argyle make of an enemy, if he would not turn and fight him? The mood of the great Maccallumore would be one of mild self-adulation, spiced with pleasant contempt for his enemy.

Suddenly, before December's moon had filled her horn, he was startled to learn that Montrose was upon him. "Wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain-paths known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," the Highlanders made their way into Argyleshire and began laying it waste with fire and sword. Argyle stepped into a fishing-boat and escaped. Montrose, dividing his army into three bodies, ravaged the country. Every man capable of bearing arms against king Charles who fell into their hands was put to the sword; the cattle were driven off, the houses burned. Most of the men, it is probable, imitated their chief, and took to flight as soon as the fires on the horizon announced the advance of Montrose. The work of devastation was continued into the first month of the new year. As January drew to a close, the royal army marched in the direction of Inverness, where Seaforth was gathering force in the interest of the Covenanters. Montrose encamped at Kilcummin at the head of Loch Ness. Meanwhile Argyle has been making preparations. He has drawn a body of troops from the Lowlands, mustered his clansmen, and taken up his quarters in the castle of Inverlochy. Once more he breathes freely, for the Lochaber range is between him and his indefatigable foe.

With the glance of genius Montrose perceives his opportunity, and acts upon it with the audacity of a commander who had inspired his men with his own dauntless and resolute spirit. Starting at sunrise, he enters the rugged ravine of the Tair. "Through gorge and over mountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corry-arick, now plunging into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild mountains of Glenroy to the Spean," wading through snow-drifts, fording rivers and hill burns up to their girdle, the Highlanders press on until, "having placed the Lochaber mountains behind them, they beheld from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon of a clear frosty night, the yet bloodless

lores of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy. At five o'clock in the winter evening the van of Montrose appeared; at eight the rear had closed up. Next morning the Campbells stood gallantly to their arms, their chief having betaken himself to his barge in order to behold the battle from a place of safety. In spite of the admitted valour of his clan, he was signally defeated. The spell by which he had imposed upon the imagination of the Highlanders was effectually broken, and his power as the head of a formidable body of Highland warriors permanently impaired.

It was natural that Montrose should now experience a sense of almost intoxicating elation. He had rendered brilliant service to the master whom he ardently loved, and he had eclipsed and discredited a rival with whom he had for long years been engaged in internecine conflict, and who had at one time been so much in the ascendant as to be able to exercise towards him a contemptuous leniency. The importance of his victories to the cause of Charles he overrated. Mr. Napier prints a letter addressed by him to the king after the battle of Inverlochy, in which he urges his Majesty to come to no terms with the Parliament, and speaks confidently of his own ability to do great things, in the ensuing summer, for the royal cause. He had manifestly no accurate knowledge of the posture of affairs in England, and was unable to gauge the importance of those military changes in the Parliament's army which were being introduced under the influence of Cromwell. He can hardly be blamed for supposing that English Royalism could still do something considerable for the king. The dream of his ambition was to lead an army into England, form a junction with the royal forces, and re-establish the monarchy. Had he been at Charles's right hand, absolutely commanding his troops in England as well as in Scotland, the current of our history might have flowed in a different channel; but between him and the Royal camp lay the Scottish army under Alexander Leslie, and he had no force adequate to encounter it. Among Charles's many weaknesses was that of facile hope, and the tone of exultation and promise in which Montrose now wrote may have been one among the fatal influences which induced him to refuse an arrangement either with the Parliament, or with the Scots, or with both, and so lured him to his doom.

Meanwhile Montrose, who could gain nothing by lingering in Argyleshire, struck away again for the north-east, attempting to raise the Gordons and the country generally for the king, and laying waste the Covenanting districts in his path. The town of Dundee was noted for its zeal for the Covenant, and he resolved to chastise it. The Committee of Estates, however, had not been idle. Summoning General Baillie and Colonel Urry from the army in England, and putting under their command 3000 well-drilled foot and nearly 1000 good horse, they had sent them in pursuit of the royal army. Montrose had actually stormed Dundee, and the Irish and the Highlanders had commenced the work of pillage. Many of them were already drunk. The alarm was suddenly raised that Baillie and Urry were at hand. Montrose perceived that the sole chance of safety was in immediate retreat. Exerting himself with the utmost skill and presence of mind he succeeded in drawing off the plunderers. The intoxicated men were driven along in front; at the head of his few horse he cut in between the enemy and the rear; a safe retreat was effected, and at midnight he halted his column near Arbroath.

Baillie jogged steadily on behind, and Montrose learned that he had occupied the road to the Grampians. The Covenanting General, knowing that Montrose could not march into the sea, and believing him to have no line of retreat, allowed his men to snatch a few hours of repose. But Montrose was vividly awake. The Highlanders had now got the drink out of their heads, and understood that they must shake themselves up and march for life. Silent, like a long black snake winding through the darkness, the column stole past the camp of Baillie and made for the hills. The Covenanting General followed hard as soon as he learned that Montrose had given him the slip, and it was not until after a march (including the storm of Dundee) of three days and two nights that Montrose permitted his men to rest. "I have often," writes Dr. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain and biographer, "heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in France and Germany, prefer this march to his most celebrated victories." Justice, however, requires the admission that, if Montrose could, by vehement personal exertion, draw off his men from the sack of Dundee, he cannot be held

free from responsibility for the atrocities they committed in Aberdeen.

Since the day when he had raised the Royal standard, it had been one main object with Montrose to prevail upon the loyal gentlemen of the name of Gordon to join him. The Marquis of Huntley, their feudal chief, had abandoned hope, and would not order them to rise. Montrose now determined upon an effort to secure once for all the service of the Gordon riders. For this purpose he dispatched Lord Gordon, a zealous and intrepid loyalist, to call the gentlemen of his family to arms. They obeyed the call with unwonted alacrity, and a considerable body of horse came together. Hearing of this movement, Baillie detached Colonel Urry, with such force as might crush Lord Gordon before he effected a junction with Montrose. Urry increased his numbers by associating with his own detachment the Covenanters of Moray and those serving under the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland. Penetrating the intention of the Covenanters, Montrose executed one of his meteor-like marches, joined Lord Gordon, and, though still outnumbered by Urry, prepared to give battle. The scene of the conflict was the village of Auldearn, situated a few miles from the town of Nairn.

Montrose's plan of battle revealed the strategist. He posted Colkitto with a small body of Irishmen and Highlanders on the right of the village. His object was to attract to this point a large proportion of Urry's army, and engage it in a vain attack, while he was winning the battle in another part of the field. He therefore displayed the Royal standard where Colkitto fought. His practice had been to rear the flag in the key of the position where he commanded in person. It would be fatal to his plan if Colkitto were driven from the field and the force engaged against him released; therefore he was posted in enclosures which Montrose well knew he could hold, but was strictly enjoined not to leave them. Montrose himself took up his position on the left of the village. Between his post and that of Colkitto were the houses of the hamlet. His ostentatiously placed his guns in front of the houses, and Urry naturally thought that a body of infantry lay behind. Montrose had in fact only a sham centre. His real fighting power, horse and foot, was concentrated on the left under his own eye. His design was to break Urry's right with an overpower-

ing force, and then to charge his left, while Colkitto should at length sally from his enclosures and assist in the decisive grapple.

Urry ordered his battle exactly as Montrose intended. His veteran troops he sent to charge on his left, where the Royal standard floating over Montrose's right, marked, as he believed, the station of the general and the key of the position. Colkitto, safe in his enclosures, defied the attack. But the enemy galled him with their reproaches, and the headstrong chief led out his men to fight in the open. Here they soon had the worst of it. Montrose learned that the great strength massed by Urry on the Covenanting left had broken Colkitto, and that the Irish were recoiling in partial confusion. A less resolute commander, or one whose self-possession was less calm, would have sent help to Colkitto, and thus deprived himself of that superiority of force in charging Urry's right, on which he had calculated for victory. Montrose was not disconcerted. He saw that the moment had come for putting his scheme into execution. He called out to Lord Gordon that Colkitto was conquering on the right, and that, unless they made haste, he would carry off the honours of the day. The Gordon gentlemen charged and broke the Covenanting horse. The infantry of Urry's right fought bravely, but the main force of Montrose was opposed to them, and they gave way. He then led his troops, flushed with victory, to support Colkitto. MacDonal, a man of colossal proportions and gigantic strength, had defended his followers as they made good their retreat into the enclosures, engaging the pikemen hand to hand, fixing their pike-heads, three or four at a time, in the tough bull-hide of his target, and cutting them short off at the iron by the whistling sweep of his broadsword. The combined force of Montrose and Colkitto proved irresistible. Urry was defeated with great slaughter. The loss of the Royal army was almost incredibly small. No battle won by Hannibal was more expressly the result of the genius of the commander. The idea of throwing the enemy a bone to worry in one part of the field, while the rest of his force is being annihilated and victory made sure elsewhere, was applied by Marlborough at Blenheim and was the efficient cause of that splendid victory. There is little probability that Marlborough had studied the battle of Auldearn, but the expedients of military

genius of the highest order, to wit, the inventive order, are apt to coincide.

This battle was fought in May, 1645. After much marching and counter-marching, Baillie ventured to engage Montrose at Alford, on the river Don in Aberdeenshire. He was defeated, and his army broken to pieces. There was now no force in the north of Scotland that could look Montrose in the face. Argyle, however, and the Edinburgh Convention of Estates, resolved upon a last great effort. They raised a larger army than any of those they had lost, and placed it under Baillie; but Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay were appointed to exercise over him a joint superintendence. They forced him to bring Montrose, who had now descended into the low countries and crossed the Forth, to action. The battle of Kilsyth was fought on the morning of the 15th of August. Seldom or never had the disproportion of strength been greater against Montrose, but none of his victories had been easier, and Baillie's army was utterly destroyed. In the warm summer morning, Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts that the broadsword might have unencumbered play, and that they might not fail in the expected pursuit. Accustomed to conquer, and placing absolute confidence in their leader, the clans vied with each other in the headlong impetuosity of their charge, and drove the Covenanters, horse and foot, before them, in tumultuous flight. Baillie, though smarting with defeat, seems as a soldier to have been struck with the splendid courage and picturesque fierceness of the Highlanders. They came on, full speed, targets aloft, heads and shoulders bent low, in the literal attitude of the tiger when he springs. Montrose lost scarce a dozen men; the Covenanters, whom the swift-footed mountaineers pursued for ten miles, had four or five thousand slain.

All Scotland, except the national fortresses, was now in the hands of Montrose. Neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow made any resistance, and having levied a contribution on Glasgow, he called a Parliament to meet in that town in the name of the King. But his dazzling success rendered only more conspicuous the fatal defects in the system of warfare he was pursuing. He had formed no body of spearmen on whom he could depend to stand the charge of effective horse, and victory was, as at first, the signal for the Highlanders to quit the ranks and return to their hills. The victory of Kilsyth had

been fertile in plunder, and the season of harvest was now near; both circumstances tended to thin the following of Montrose. While King Charles was hoping that his irresistible Lieutenant would lead an army across the border to his deliverance, and sending Sir Robert Spottiswood with a new commission and new orders, the Royal army dwindled away, and Montrose found himself at the head of no larger a body of troops than had at first gathered round him in the wilds of Athol. It may, as was formerly said, have been impossible for him to change the habits of the Highlanders, but he ought to have been alive to the extreme peril to which those habits exposed him in the low country. He knew that the Scottish army in England was well supplied with cavalry. A perfectly organized system of intelligence, keeping him informed as to the state of the country within twenty miles of his camp, especially in the direction of England, was to him an absolute condition of existence. He had a sufficient force of cavalry to enable him to organize such a system, and this essential part of the duty of a commander was well understood in that age. Oliver Cromwell, had he been in the place of Montrose, would have known within a few hours everything that took place in the Scottish camp in England. Montrose's first thought, after the battle of Kilsyth, ought to have been, "Argyle and his friends are beaten in Scotland, and infuriated beyond all bounds; their next thought will be to strike a blow from England." How often have great men fallen by oversights which small men would not have committed! "O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by!" says Shakespeare's Wolsey; and even Shakespeare may have known by experience the bitterness of Wolsey's pang.

Montrose crept gradually southward with his diminished army, and in the second week of September was stationed at Selkirk, his cavalry being quartered with himself in the town, while the infantry occupied an elevated plateau called Philphaugh, on the north. Between Philphaugh and Selkirk flows the Ettrick; the infantry were on the left bank, the cavalry on the right. This disposition of the Royal forces has been pronounced faulty, but we must recollect that in the first half of September Scottish rivers are generally low, and that, if the Ettrick could be easily forded, a few minutes' trot would bring cavalry lying in Selkirk upon the plain of Philphaugh. On the night between the 12th and 13th of Sep-

tember, 1645, General David Leslie, next to Montrose the most energetic and capable commander contributed by Scotland to the civil war, having by a swift march from Newcastle along the East Coast and then southward from Edinburgh, reached the vicinity, placed his men, principally horse, and numbering five or six thousand, in and about Melrose. The Royalists were but four miles away, and we realize the intense hatred with which they were regarded in the district when we learn that not a whisper of the presence of Leslie's army reached the Royal camp. Mr. Napier tells us that more than once in the night the scouts came in and reported all safe. Commanding only a few hundred cavalry, and a mere skeleton of his Highland host, Montrose, had he been apprised of Leslie's approach, would doubtless have attempted to escape by one of his extraordinary marches. Had his army been as large as before the battle of Kilsyth, he might, in spite of his surprise, have defeated Leslie; for the Highlanders, nimble as leopards, were formidable to cavalry, and his own inventiveness and dexterity in battle might have wrought one of the miracles which are possible to genius. But with his diminished force he had no chance. Leslie's horsemen, emerging from the white mist of a September morning, crashed in upon both his wings at once. Montrose was immediately in the field and disputed the matter for some time, but his little army was cut to pieces. At the head of about thirty troopers, he made good his retreat to the Highlands.

Before the battle of Kilsyth the Royal cause in England had been hopelessly lost. Royalism, pure and simple, as professed by the English Cavaliers, perished on the field of Naseby. Had Montrose succeeded, after Kilsyth, in penetrating into England, he would have found the fragments of Charles's army too shattered to reunite, and would have encountered a force of English and Scots in the Parliamentary interest numbering at least fifty thousand men. After uselessly protracting hostilities for some time in the Highlands, he was commanded by the King to lay down his arms. He retired in disguise to Norway, and thence proceeded to join Prince Charles who, from various stations on the Continent, was watching the course of events in England.

Until the death of the King, Argyle and his party in Scotland maintained their alliance with the English Puritan leaders. Shortly before that event, Crom-

well, having destroyed Hamilton's army, marched to Edinburgh, and was received with "many honours and civilities." The death of the king at last overcame the profound reluctance of Argyle to quarrel with the English Parliament. Negotiations commenced between the Estates of Scotland and Charles II. Montrose, feeling that there could be no real reconciliation between him and Argyle, and conscious of an invincible repugnance to the hollowness of a league between Charles II. and the austere moral Covenanters, advised the young King to attempt no arrangement with the latter. Charles, perfectly false and perfectly heartless, gave Montrose a commission to land in Scotland in arms, but did not discontinue negotiations with his antagonist. A few hundred German mercenaries; a body of unwarlike fishermen whom he forced to join his standard in Orkney, and a considerable party of Royalist officers, among them his old opponent Colonel Urry, constituted the force with which Montrose made a descent upon Scotland in the spring of 1650. He was suddenly attacked, on the borders of Ross-shire, by Colonel Strahan, a Covenanter of the straightest sect. The Germans surrendered; the Orkney fishermen made little resistance; the Scottish companies of Montrose were overpowered.

Soon after the battle, he was taken and led in triumph to Edinburgh. The Estates of Scotland, avoiding question as to the legality of the expedition in which, under commission of that Charles II. whose title they were then undertaking to vindicate, he had been last engaged, treated him as already condemned to die under sentence of attainder passed against him whilst ravaging the territory of Argyle in 1644.

His bearing in presence of the Parliament was as calmly dauntless as on the battlefield in the moment of victory. He exulted in his loyalty. It had indeed been with him a pure and lofty feeling, and by rare good fortune he never knew Charles I. well enough to be disenchanted. "I never had passion on earth," he wrote to Charles II., "so great as that to do the king your father service." He asserted the faithfulness of his adherence to the National Covenant, and avowed that he had neither taken nor approved of the Solemn League and Covenant. He indignantly denied that he had countenanced acts of military violence. "He had never spilt the blood of

a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends — nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle."

His sentence was that he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, his head fixed upon the tolbooth of Edinburgh, his limbs placed over the gates of four Scottish towns. On the night before his execution he wrote with a diamond upon the window of his prison those well-known lines which, in their pathetic dignity, attest, if nothing else, a composure of feeling, a serenity of intellectual consciousness, a perfect self-possession, remarkable in the immediate nearness of a cruel death.

Let them bestow on every airt * a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since thou knowest where all those
atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.

The majesty of his demeanour, both while being drawn into Edinburgh on a cart, and as he walked in scarlet cloak trimmed with gold lace to the place of execution, so impressed the multitude, that not a taunt was uttered, and many an eye was wet. All that is told of him when in prison tends to exalt our conception of his character. When the clergy remind him that he has been excommunicated, and urge him to repent in order that the Church may remove her censures, he answers that the thought of his excommunication causes him pain, and that he would gladly have it removed by confessing his sins as a man, but that he has nothing to repent of in his conduct to his king and his country. He can more sharply check the officiousness of the non-professional zealot. Johnston of Warriston finds him, the day before his death, combing out his beautiful locks of hair, and murmurs some suggestion that the hour is too solemn for such work. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day while it is still my own," answers Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list." He is not a Pagan, proud and self-centred; but neither is he quite a Puritan. He rises into a more genial atmosphere, he approaches a higher Christian type, than those of his age. He does not crouch before his Maker; he stands

* Point of the compass.

erect; not arrogantly, not in mean terror and abject self-depreciation, but in reverent affection and trust: as a man ought to stand.

PETER BAYNE.

From The St. James Magazine.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF
"THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOUISE became gradually worse and worse from the day this notice was hung up at the Mairie. The wedding had to be delayed. Physicians were sent for in all directions; they came and held consultations. There were Monsieur Bourgard from Saarbours, a man of great fame and experience, he was well known all over the country; there was Monsieur Péquignot from Lorquin, Monsieur Heitz from Fénétrange, Monsieur Weber from Bouxwiller, and, finally, all the medical authorities to be had for ten leagues round Chaumes.

They were to be seen continually coming and going, but no one knew the result of their deliberations.

The head-keeper had obtained a leave of absence and had gone, it was said, to fetch the legal certificates required for his marriage. His place was filled during his absence by Caille, the horse-guard from St. Quirin.

Autumn had returned with its deep melancholy and cold winds which always heralded winter in. I went to Monsieur le Maire's every day after school, to fill the duties of secretary of the commune. I found him a great sufferer from rheumatism; but he suffered in silence, sitting with his leg stretched out on a stool, his elbow on his desk, and his eyes turned towards the windows, against the panes of which withered vine-leaves fell from off the gable branches, while the wind blew pieces of straw all about from the loft. Everything seemed to be dying away, and the tall poplars along the roadside kept up a constant moan.

I used to sit writing, while he remained quiet, always in deep thought.

"I am getting old, Florent," said he one day to me; "I have worked too hard—and what for?"

"Monsieur le Maire," I replied, "there are still happy days in store for you."

"Never," said he, "never; it is all over!"

When George came home of an evening, after having gone round the timber-yards and saw-mills, the young fellow turned his head away to avoid seeing what was going on within. The father and son behaved as if they did not know each other, and the mother, whose eyes were now always red, carried her boy's meals up-stairs to him.

Once only did Monsieur Jacques say, with great bitterness, "Florent, I have two brother Jeans now! one in-doors, one out; this house is no longer mine, I am no longer master here."

His misery and sorrow oozed out in spite of his will. "Ah," he would say, "if I did but sleep on the hill-side, with the others, by our old church! They are at rest and know nothing of the troubles of this world."

But if Monsieur Jacques was wretched on one side of the street, Monsieur Jean was just as miserable on the other. Each time I went by the bare hedges at the bottom of his garden I saw Monsieur Jean walking up and down, bareheaded, in nothing but his greyish-blue knitted jacket, in rain or in sunshine. He never ceased walking up and down, and could not stop in-doors, where the nurse Rosalie and the physicians were masters.

This stony-hearted man was sinking. He stooped, and his nose lengthened visibly, like the beaks of certain eagles, which grow down so long that they cannot part them, and die for want of food; a proper retribution for their ferocity and love of prey.

In my opinion Monsieur Jean had deserved all this; and I used to think, "You old sinner! you have not only brought all this on yourself for the past, but you deserve it all for the present, because you have obstinately made up your mind to sacrifice your own child, by forcing her to marry a man she cannot bear. I do not pity you—pride and hatred should be punished."

I saw him one evening on his knees in church, praying with his whole heart, and apparently in great trouble of mind.

Louise, I thought, must be in a very alarming state for such a man as this to be praying so fervently. I looked and saw there was no sham in him then; something extraordinary was certainly going on.

I had gone up to fetch a book from off the organ-desk, and the sight of this terrible man all alone in the dark church, kneeling, with his head in his two hands, greatly struck me. I feared it would

soon be over with poor Louise, and raised my soul to my Maker, imploring His help and mercy.

I was not mistaken, for the first thing Marie-Barbe said when I reached home was,—

"Have you heard that all the doctors have given Louise up, Florent? A great physician, of the name of Ducondray, has been sent for from Nancy."

"No, I knew nothing about it," I replied; "but I had a kind of load here, a forewarning of some evil. That's what it was." I entered my study in a more solemn reverie than I had ever been in before.

We did not mention Louise's name over supper, but we all thought of her, each sorrowing for the poor child we had seen so beautiful, so full of life and youth, so good to the poor, and now in a hopeless condition.

I prayed for her before I sought rest. The next day the medical men arrived, and met, under the presidency of Monsieur Ducondray, for a final consultation. It was now the end of autumn, the weather, after incessant rain, had set in fine again; the trees were leafless, and the flocks had ceased to be led out to pasture, the grass meadows being sodden; our schoolroom was, therefore, full of boys and girls.

No one ignored what was going on at Monsieur Jean's, everybody felt uneasy about Louise. I had finished the morning lessons at about eleven, and had gone up-stairs, where the cloth was laid for dinner, when Rosalie, Monsieur Jean's servant, entered.

"Quick, Monsieur Florent!" she cried, in a mournful voice; "come, you are wanted; Monsieur Ducondray, the doctor from Nancy, has sent for you."

"Me?" I asked, in astonishment. "You must be making a mistake, Rosalie. What can a *savant* have to say to a village schoolmaster?"

"No, no; I am certain. All the gentlemen want to speak to you, Monsieur Florent."

My surprise can be fancied. I took my hooded cloak down from its peg and threw it over my house-jacket.

"Where are you going, Florent?" asked Marie-Barbe, coming in. "Be cautious, Monsieur Jean is there; remember how he treated you last time."

"Ah! fear nothing now, Marie-Barbe," said Rosalie, "our Monsieur is no longer the same man. Since the last consultation he has dwindled down, all of a piece,

into almost nothing. He speaks to nobody; people come and go without his minding. Come, in the name of heaven, Monsieur Florent!"

I had not waited for all this, but had already put my hat on and was running down-stairs, neither did I slacken my pace until I got near the house.

As Rosalie had said, the house-door was wide open, any one who liked could walk in and out. Servants were standing about their masters' carriages, and looked at me when I went in. The doctors were all assembled in the large piano-room, which opened in the hall. Four or five of the older looking, in hooded cloaks, untied neckties, and with their hair in disorder, were quarrelling together, like all *savants* do, caring for no one's concerns but their own.

When I entered, Monsieur Bourgard, from Saarbourg, who knew me, exclaimed, "There he is."

I bowed in some confusion to all of them. One of the number, a tall man in a black coat and white necktie, with a long face, big nose, wide mouth, broad, high wrinkled forehead, and with as dignified a mien as one of our university inspectors, Monsieur Ducondray from Nancy, politely inquired,—

"You are Monsieur Florent, the master at Chaumes, are you not?"

"I am, Monsieur."

"Well," said he, in a pleasant but very serious manner, "we have a case of great responsibility in hand, and we believe you can enlighten us."

I protested that I was only a simple village master, and quite unfit to enlighten such clever men.

"Wait a moment," said he, interrupting me. "Let me first tell you how we are situated. You have doubtless been informed that my colleagues have several times been called to Chaumes for Mlle. Rantzau; they have come separately and collectively."

"I have been told so."

"Well, these gentlemen have now recourse to my experience, and I have seen their invalid. I think she is in a deep decline, which will prove fatal unless we can discover its cause. I have pressed her to give us some clue as to the origin of her disease, but she is either too frightened or too modest, and we can draw nothing from her. After great persuasion, however, our interesting invalid hid her face, saying that she would never be able to tell what she had on her mind, but that we were to ask Monsieur Florent.

After having made this partial disclosure she appeared alarmed at what she had said, and has since refused to open her lips. We beg you will communicate what you know, for the fate of the poor young lady is in your hands. Have you any knowledge of the cause of her illness? We shall prescribe, if you have, according to the information you may impart. I beg you will not hesitate, you are among men who are ready to assume their share of responsibility."

I contained my emotion as well as I could, and replied,—

"This is what I know of the case, gentlemen, and I will tell you all I do know, though I may lose my situation by so doing, and misery may be my lot in consequence. Louise loves her cousin George Rantzau; George loves her in return, and they would give up their life one for the other; but the fathers of these young people, although they are brothers, have hated each other for years and years; they have divided this place and caused much scandal with their dissensions and abominable hatred; neither will consent to the union of their children, who are thus both driven to despair. As to Louise, she would rather die than marry the man who is forced on her for a husband, that is Monsieur Lebel, the head-keeper. I have told you the whole truth, gentlemen, you may believe my word."

"We readily believe you," replied the old doctor from Nancy, looking at his colleagues. "You see, gentlemen, that I am not mistaken: this is the second case of the kind I have had to deal with. It is love, more powerful than the instinct of self-preservation. Faithful even to death!"

When he had done speaking I turned and saw Monsieur Jean behind me. He had come in through the side-door and had heard everything: he was an altered man, nothing now but skin and bones, sallow and untidy in his appearance. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, he wore no necktie, and altogether looked like a ruined man who has ceased to care for himself. As he stood, bent with the weight of his sorrow, he reminded me of old misers who have lost all their fortune; he had lost his pride.

Monsieur Ducondray addressed him.

"You have heard what has just been said, Monsieur?"

"Thus," replied Monsieur Jean slowly, "you can do nothing more? You have tried everything? That is all you know?"

"We know," interrupted the doctor, in a brief, concise tone, "that your poor child will expire in a few weeks—as soon as the cold sets in—unless you get reconciled to your brother and consent to the union of your young people. That is what we know."

And taking up his hat, which was on the table, lying by a grey cloak, he turned to the physicians.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the consultation is over. I think we can leave."

When he had gone out of the room the others followed, and the servants put their horses to the carriages.

I looked on, thinking of what had occurred. Monsieur Jean Rantzau remained in the hall. I do not know what he looked like, but he could have struck his bosom and said,—

"It is my fault; it is all my own fault!"

When the clock struck one I hastened back to school. There was just time to swallow a mouthful, for the children had already gathered. They were shouting, whistling, and enjoying my absence, the very first that had occurred for five and twenty years. Order was restored as soon as I appeared, but I had no taste for teaching that day. I was much shaken by the events of the last two months, and found I could not bear up against the wickedness of mankind; everything seemed dark around me. I had forsaken my herbal, my insects, my fossils, and suffered that day more than usual on account of Louise's desperate state, so that Marie-Barbe's questions and observations were intolerable.

"Leave me alone, and don't speak to me," I said. "Life is bitter enough without all these vain words."

After supper Marie-Barbe and Juliette folded up the table-cloth, finished their work, and went to bed. I sat in my study, by the lamp, thinking over the events of the day and wondering whether Monsieur Jean would be wicked enough to persevere in his resolve to the end; if he would stand by and see his daughter die rather than quicken her with a hope; and questioning whether so great an injustice could be committed.

Towards eleven I felt tired of my reflections and went down to lock up the house before I went to bed. It was a cold, cloudy night, but the cool wind did my head good, and I walked up and down the street, at the end of which shone a light in Monsieur Jean's house from the window of Louise's room. The confidence she had shown when she told the

doctors to ask me what was the cause of her illness proved that she had not forgotten me. I liked to fancy, in that silent hour of night, that the poor child knew a friend watched near her. It was nothing but a superstitious idea, yet it comforted me. When I reached the end of the street I noticed that a pile of timber stood in front of Monsieur le Maire's house; it was to be sawn the following day; and behind this pile of logs I saw a light burning in the office. So Monsieur Jacques was up too? He could not sleep either!

I stood in the shade of the timber to look up at the sick-room, and fancied Louise, being given up by the doctors, lying without a friend to hold her hand or say a syllable of comfort to her through all that solemn space of time during which life recedes. I pictured to myself the old nurse knitting at the foot of dying people and quietly listening to their sighs, provided her brandy-bottle stood on the mantelpiece. Then I next thought of Monsieur Jean looking on with gloomy features, and feeling indignant that a child of his should prefer death to his head-keeper.

My blood boiled. Though I am not a harsh man, and never struck a child, yet for once I felt sorry I was not strong enough to chastise the unnatural monster, and thought George would do well to exterminate him.

Finding that no one moved in the two houses, and the two lights remaining motionless, I was going back towards home, when I heard a slight stir.

Somebody was walking about in Monsieur Jean's house, where a second light appeared, then it was extinguished; a heavy tread came down his stairs, then the passage-door was opened with great caution. I could not see, but I heard the same heavy steps cross the street and near the spot I stood by. I was frightened. It was perhaps Monsieur Jean. If he were to find me there! The person stopped, then listened. A moment after I saw Monsieur Jean's tall figure in front of Monsieur Jacques' lighted office. What did he mean to do? My heart throbbed. He looked in for a few moments, then knocked at the window.

A gruff voice, which I recognized to be that of Monsieur Jacques, asked, in the deep silence, "Who is there?"

"It is I," replied Jean in a stifled voice.

The window was suddenly thrown open and a light brought that revealed the two

brothers standing face to face after thirty years' hatred! Jacques held the lamp, showing his own features expressive of stern wonder and Jean's inclined head — he was the picture of misery.

"What do you want?" asked Jacques, in a harsh voice.

"I have something to tell you," replied Jean very humbly; but finding his brother did not move and looked haughtily at him, he pleaded, "Jacques, my child is dying." He received no answer, but the mayor closed the window and stepped out to open the house-door. Both entered like two shadows. When they were inside, Jacques reopened the window to pull the outer shutters together.

I listened a full quarter of an hour: not a sound, not a word, were to be heard, and I went home much astonished at the scene I had witnessed. I dreamt all night of the two faces gleaming in front of each other in the darkness. "What can it all mean?" I thought. "What have they told each other? What is the next thing we shall hear?"

The following day was a holiday. It was Thursday; and no sooner had it struck eight than curiosity led me to Monsieur Jacques, where I hoped something would be betrayed on his countenance.

On reaching his house the first person I saw was Madame Rantau coming downstairs with a pile of shirts on one arm. The door of the dining-room was open, and I saw a large leather trunk half filled with clothes, brushes, shoes, and waistcoats, wrapped in newspaper parcels. The good lady only had the other half to fill, and continued packing. Monsieur Jacques stood, in shirt-sleeves, combing his hair and beard in front of a small mirror hung upon the window-frame.

On seeing me enter he said, in a short, off-hand way, "Ah, is that you, Florent? I was going to send for you. I am leaving for Saarbrück: one of my customers there has run off with my money. All men now-a-days are liars, thieves, and swindlers — go and trust people! I have sent word to my substitute; he will be here presently. Ah, there he is!"

"Good-day, Monsieur le Maire," said Monsieur Rigaud, who just then entered; "you have sent for me; what is there going on?"

"I am being robbed of my money, that is what's going on. A thief of a timber-dealer is going to Hombourg or Havre after having sold my wood and put the cash in his pocket. I must run after him

with this bad leg of mine, and catch him, too, before he sails."

"Ah!" replied Father Rigaud, "bad news indeed; and when do you expect to be back again?"

"There is no telling," answered the mayor, in a cross, peevish way. "If I succeed in collaring the confounded thief I shall have to call a board of men together to examine the scoundrel's accounts, for he is bankrupt; I shall have to go to law and soap the fingers first of one, then of the other. It will be a slow affair, especially with the Prussian authorities. If I get clear of it all in six weeks I shall consider myself lucky. If, on the other hand, the swindler has gone over to America—a thing these German bankrupts all do—I shall have to scrape together all the sums I can collect, to find out if he has been paid for all he has delivered. It is the very devil to get money out of an absconding party!"

I and Rigaud looked at each other. When the mayor had put his overcoat on, he went to his writing-table and opened the drawer.

"Now, Rigaud," he said, "you will not forget to post up the price of wheat and of bread; you will sign the parochial tickets, passports, and the rest—you are to take my place; here's the stamp of the Mairie, Renaud will soon get you in the way of transacting affairs."

"It is really very unpleasant for you to have to travel in such weather," said Father Rigaud; "look at the rain; it is awfully wet."

"What's the use of making a fuss about it?" asked the mayor, who did not evidently want to be consoled with. "What has to be done must be done, that's all."

He then produced a letter sealed up at each corner with red wax.

"Monsieur Florent," said he, turning to me, "my brother-in-law from Lutzelbourg, Monsieur Picot, will be here this night or to-morrow morning. You will give him this—do you hear?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Maire."

"Don't forget it. It is an important and private matter."

"You know, Monsieur le Maire, that I never forget anything."

He looked round, saw the packed trunk and asked for the key, felt in his pockets, threw a cloak, having a strong silver snap to it, over his shoulders, pulled his fur cap down over his ears and abruptly left the house.

The *char-à-bancs* stood at the door with its great leather hood drawn down, as well

as the curtains, which were provided with glass loopholes for the traveller to see out of. The man came in for the trunk, which he tied on behind and covered over with the oil-cloth roof canvas. We were all standing in the passage. Madame Charlotte hoped her husband would at least give her a parting kiss, but Monsieur le Maire was in too bad a humor to think of that, and took the reins in hand as he went up the driver's steps, saying to all, "Be sure you forget nothing. Hue!"

Just as the carriage drove off George came down the house-passage, for he was going out. He had on his woollen frieze with a hood to it, held a cudgel in his hand, and had pulled down the brim of his wide beaver hat. He looked gloomy, and, without saying good-day or good-night to any one, turned up the street on his way to the woods. The old man cast a side-glance at him; but George walked straight on without turning his head round, and the *char-à-bancs* rolled by as if he had not seen it.

I and Monsieur Rigaud stood for some minutes looking at the heavy shower coming down, then in deep thought went to the Mairie together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE departure of Monsieur Jacques in search of his timber-merchant astonished no one. It was a natural thing for a business man to do under the circumstances, and every one of the villagers would have acted as he had done.

Marie-Barbe and my daughter even sympathized with him and abused the Prussian thief who compelled a poor rheumatic old man to travel in such inclement weather. I shared their feelings.

But universal surprise can be imagined when a carriage, similar to that of Monsieur Jacques, but covered with parcels, was seen on the following morning with Monsieur Jean, as driver, inside. He sat on the back seat, half-concealed by the hood overhead and the leather apron in front, which he had drawn up to his chin. He wore his large travelling-cape and fox-fur cap, from under which he looked out on both sides of the way, lashing his horses most furiously, as if he were afraid of being overtaken and had to save his life.

At this sight a clamour arose among the Chaumes people: everybody ran out to see him go by; faces appeared at all the doors, stables, sheds, and air-holes. From the room in which I was dressing I

heard Granny Bouveret call out in her shrill tones, which were as clear as a trumpet,—

"Ah, the old owl is on the wing! A bad sign! There's sure to be a death somewhere when those birds leave their haunts. The old brigand! he has done the deed, and now he is afraid to be seen at the funeral, where he would come in for blows! He leaves her to die all by herself—there's no hope. Isn't there an honest poacher hereabouts to shoot him down? Ah, the old crow! that's it—hue! hue! Why don't you shout and hiss at him, all you village people? Let him hear he is accursed and hated, and is not wanted back again!"

It was enough to make one's hair stand on end to hear her shriek and hiss, raising her skinny arms meanwhile, doubling her fists, and shaking her gray, dishevelled locks.

The *char-à-bancs* was already at some distance, and I do not know if Monsieur Jean heard all the tumult; but from every corner, lane, and hut rose yells, screams, and whistling, even the dogs barked, and the whole place was a scene of revolution.

We all thought, like Jean Bouveret's old granny, that this departure of Monsieur Jean's was a very bad omen; "It does look bad, Florent," said I to myself; "there can be no hope left; the old man would have remained if there had been."

I could not eat my breakfast that morning for thinking of the miseries of life and of that flower of love and youth, Louise, sacrificed to an old hatred. I also reflected on the impenetrable designs of our Maker, trying to say, "Thy will be done" without feeling resigned; for death—which puts an end to beauty, love, and youth—goes against nature. Our weak minds cannot conceive it. When I thought of George I was almost heart-broken.

Marie-Barbe, who had gone out to hear the news, now returned in breathless excitement.

"Florent, have you no letter for Monsieur Picot?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have; there, in my drawer."

"Well," said she, "carry it to Monsieur Jean's; Monsieur Picot is there. Go as fast as you can—we shall know what all this means."

My wife was only prompted by curiosity, but I hastened to follow her advice, being very uneasy. I therefore put the letter in my pocket and left the house in great suspense and emotion. Everybody

looked at me when I was seen going towards Monsieur Jean's; many stopped to ask questions, but I went straight forward.

The first thing that struck me was the calm and quiet of the large house, in which everything was motionless; so great a contrast with the excitement and commotion in the village.

I found Monsieur Picot quietly sitting in front of the small bureau on the ground-floor; he was writing a letter and appeared perfectly easy, for his honest face beamed with inward satisfaction; his grey hair was brushed back and fell over his neck and shoulders: he wore a loose woollen coat.

"Ah, Florent!" said he, smiling, "you are welcome! I am glad to see you."

"How is Louise, Monsieur Picot?"

"As well as possible," he replied, going on with his writing. When he had finished he lit a candle and sealed his letter, saying, as his eyes filled with tears, "Yes, it is all right now; the poor child has in some measure recovered from the shock, but is still very weak—it is natural she should be, only she will get better, dear Monsieur Florent. In a fortnight or three weeks I hope we shall see her on foot again."

"Ah, God grant she may! Monsieur Picot, this news quite cheers me. I came here thinking Louise was entirely given up. It is a miracle."

"A perfect miracle!" repeated the good man, turning to me with a bright look. "Have you nothing to give me from my brother-in-law?"

"I have a letter. Here it is."

"Ah! well, well," said he, opening it and putting his spectacles on. Then he went to the window and read very attentively. When he came to the end he laid it down and put his broad hand upon it, joyfully exclaiming,—

"You would never guess what there is in this letter, Monsieur Florent—you would not guess in a hundred."

"I never can guess at all."

"Well, then, it is brother Jacques' consent to his son's union with brother Jean's daughter."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

"Read," he replied.

My eyes swam when, taking up the letter, I came to these words: "I consent, on the conditions specified, to the union of George and Louise."

The conditions referred to were that

the house of grandfather Martin was to be included in Louise's marriage portion, and that Jean was to return to Jacques the available portion left him by their father to the prejudice of Jacques, the same bringing in an interest of five per cent. from the time Jean first came into possession thereof.

These stipulations increased my uneasiness again. "But, Monsieur Picot, he will never consent."

He laughed, and opening a drawer handed me another paper, in silence. I recognized Monsieur Jean's handwriting immediately. He accepted everything! My heart had not been so light for a long time.

"I understand Louise's sudden cure now," I exclaimed. "The battle is won!"

"Yes," said Monsieur Picot. "The two obstinate old men have fled, like deserters, rather than witness their children's happiness. Had they stopped here they would have had to be reconciled, to acknowledge they had been in the wrong, had hated each other for thirty years and embittered our existence, as well as that of poor Catherine, the friends of their children, and of all the villagers. They would have had to make it up before everybody. Pride, that abominable vice, is at the bottom of it all. They are cruel savages. I would not tell any one but you, Monsieur Florent; but I repeat, they are barbarians! However, we'll manage to get on without them. You are to stand for George's father and I am to give Louise away. The wedding will be all the merrier for their absence. It would not have been particularly lively, after all, to see Attila at one end of the table and Gengis Khan at the other!"

Monsieur Picot shook with laughter. I could scarcely keep from dancing. Just then there was a little disturbance out of doors, then a noise of hurried footsteps.

"That must be George!" said Monsieur Picot, rising.

It was. He had left for the woods early in the morning, where one of his father's servants had had some difficulty in finding him.

"Come, George, come this way!" cried Monsieur Picot from the window; "we are waiting for you."

George stood, in his slouched beaver and gaiters, looking up in amazement.

"Come in! Uncle Jean has gone; we are the masters of the house; come in."

"What *has* happened?" asked George, turning very white, when he had entered. "What's the matter?"

"You are going to be married to Louise," said Monsieur Picot, looking at him over his spectacles. "What do you say to that, sir? I hope we shall meet with no opposition from you now the two old folks have left Chaumes."

He handed the two letters, but George trembled, his knees shook beneath him, and if I, his old master, had not been near to support him he would have fallen back.

"Allons, allons, George!" I said. "Come, you are not going to give way now?"

"Ah, Monsieur Florent, you don't know what I have gone through. I feared Louise was — gone for ever — and now —"

"Confound it," said Monsieur Picot, "I broke the news too abruptly to him. You were unprepared, nephew; but come and receive your old uncle's congratulations all the same." The worthy man opened his arms and held George to his bosom; then my turn came, after which George sat down and read the two letters, but with so much emotion that he was speechless.

"And Louise? — Louise?" he asked, at length.

"So you want to know about Louise — whether she consents too, eh?" said Monsieur Picot.

He walked across the room to a side-door, knocked, and asked, "Can we come in? Is it time to show ourselves now?"

"Yes," replied a weak voice.

George pushed forward. We followed. He was at Louise's feet in one moment, for she was propped up by pillows in a large easy-chair, and dressed in the little blue dress she had worn on the day of the harvest-home. The poor child had insisted upon having it put on, for it reminded her of her first days of happy love, and Madame Charlotte Rantzau had humoured her.

She held George's curly head in her two small hands; her eyes were closed, but two big tears ran down her pale cheeks. I had never conceived an idea of such happiness in store for them; as to George, he sobbed like a child.

His mother, poor woman, stood behind Louise's chair with her hands over her face; this was *her* first day of happiness after many years of domestic slavery.

George rose at length and held his betrothed in a long embrace, I and Mon-

sieur Picot standing gravely by, for the two lovers carried us back to the past and reminded us of those joys that shine like stars behind the clouds of this life ; trouble, grief, and weariness sail by, but we know the star shimmers behind, "It is there, it is there," says an inward voice in the worst and darkest moments — and there surely it gleams with undiminished brightness to the end. Such is love and its sweet memory.

And now need I relate the rest ? the recovery of Louise, the pasting of fresh bills, the publication of the bans, and the wedding ceremony ?

Need I describe father Florent, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, playing on the organ and singing anthems with extraordinary effusion and enthusiasm ? Need I describe the nuptial dinner-table, which was magnificently laid and surrounded by the joyful faces of guests all laughing and drinking to the merry sound of clinking glasses and the uncorking of bottles, while a band of wandering gipsies played in the next room ? No. All these are familiar tales. Who has not been to a wedding — if he has not had the good luck to be at his own, to woo and wed for himself ?

I will not describe all these events, nor the happiness of George and Louise on this memorable occasion.

They determined not to live in uncle Jean's old house, but next day settled down in a lovely cottage at the farther end of the village, behind which a garden ran down to the borders of the Saar. This house was a little isolated, had green blinds in front and a balcony, so they liked it — besides, George said it would be very unjust to turn his father-in-law out of the old home.

No sooner was he a happy man than he turned good, and called all the men back who had been too hastily dismissed from his father's service. He laid aside his slouched hat, old clothes, and cudgel, to dress according to his means and the taste of Louise.

I had a general invitation to their house every Thursday, and played selections from the "Zauberflöte," "Der Freyschütz," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the Paris piano, which had been moved from Monsieur Jean's house. Louise and George used to sing, and I accompanied them, in the pride of my heart.

All these details are very commonplace, I could almost leave them out ; but I will not omit a most extraordinary

fact : the two old men came back to their homes a fortnight after the wedding !

They continued to behave, after all that had happened, exactly as they had done before. Each shut himself up in the back room of their respective houses ; and thus they avoided overlooking each other.

They grew old in no time, and lost all their influence at Chaumes : everything went over to the young couple, who were to inherit their wealth ; all business matters were transacted at the house on the Saar — the borrowing, hiring, letting, selling, purchasing, &c., &c. It was the everlasting old and new story of the world over again — life ebbing away from the aged to vitalize the young.

Madame Charlotte took up her quart with her son, and thus enjoyed a few happy years, Monsieur Jacques not objecting in the least. He sought solitude, and resigned his official duties in order to live alone and undisturbed.

Towards the beginning of the following autumn a sun-ray lit up the decline of the two old dethroned rulers — for I always compared these Rantzaus to Clovis, Childeric, and Childebert in the history of our country, their principle of justice being : "Everything for ourselves and nothing for any one else." Sometimes these old monarchs would deal out a small share to St. Christopher or St. Magloire, who heard their confessions and absolved them of their sins, but that only happened when their stomachs were out of order, or when they were afraid of the flames of hell.

The dethroned old kings of Chaumes, therefore, were one day informed that an infant of the male sex was born unto them in the house by the Saar. Their hearts leapt with joy, but neither left his palace for fear of meeting the other at the cottage.

Old Ména, the midwife, had to carry the heir of the good old race to each of them separately.

It became known that the features and expression of young Rantzaus delighted them, for, from that day forward, both quarrelled over having it, in a new way. It was arranged that little Jean-Jacques, for that was the name, was not to stop longer at the house of one of his grandfathers than at the other's, and, as long as it did stop with one, the other impatiently stood looking out behind the curtains. In order to keep it a little longer they tried to outdo each other in gifts and in procuring the things it liked best,

such as toys, dolls, and sweets — of which both soon had a shopful.

In this way Jean-Jacques became their master before he knew how to speak; and the two haughty old men went down on all-fours to make him laugh, or they galloped round the room, holding him on their stiff necks — scenes I have witnessed with my own eyes.

When Jean-Jacques screamed without knowing why, all the servants of grandfather Jean, or of grandfather Jacques, were seen running about like wild.

Thus the hatred of these two men could not be pacified even by the love of their children. After it had made them miserable for life, it would have spoilt their childhood; but Louise and George managed to prevent that.

This is a consequence of the injustice of parents who show preferences in their families. It does but show how senseless, and I may even add, how heartless are those who would restore unequal division of property in our France, thus privileging fathers and mothers to draw out their wills according to caprice or pride. It would authorize them to strike out those children who are not of their opinion, for the benefit of others who say yes to everything. It is just equal to saying brothers may murder each other, and let our enemies the Prussians take advantage of our dissensions for the purpose of breaking in on us and of reducing us to servitude.

All the disinherited — and they would be in the majority — could not be made to fight for the property of hypocrites and the selfish who had robbed them.

I will here leave off, apologizing for having spoken so long.

One word more, however.

The Rantzau brothers did not live to a very advanced age, neither did their father Martin or their grandfather Antoine. Jean was the first to die, aged sixty-four. After this Jacques lived in peace, but not very long, for he died two years later; and both are now buried side by side on the hill, close to the old church, whence can be viewed the valley of the Saar, with its green meadows, and in the background, its dark, high pinewoods, which rise to the top of the summits around.

Close by is the grave of Madame Charlotte Rantzau.

George is the wealthiest man far and near. His extensive speculations on timber, the canal between the Marne and the Rhine, and the railway from Paris to

Strasbourg, have increased his income almost tenfold.

He is still very fond of Louise, and Louise is as fond of him; the blessing of the Lord is upon them; they have children and grandchildren in numbers.

I am a grandfather, and live on my own income. It is an extraordinary thing in France to come across a schoolmaster who, in his old age, does not die in misery, after having devoted all his life to his fellow-creatures — and yet nothing is sadder.

I live on my income! My son Paul has become head of the Normal School at Nancy, and gives me an annuity. Without his assistance I should be very wretched, for the hundred-and-twenty francs pension I receive from the State and my small savings would never suffice to keep me respectably and honourably. Paul is a good son; I bless him and his every day of my life.

And now, my friends, before leaving you for ever, I wish to say that I keep up my natural history, although I am eighty. Marie-Barbe, who has always been growing more prudent, will not let me mention my age; she says Death might hear me and be thus reminded that I have lived a long time.

Farewell, therefore! spend your lives in peace, honesty, and justice; all the rest here below is good for nothing.

From The Fortnightly Review.
A LOST ART.

It must have happened not unfrequently to those who have never had occasion or opportunity to make up their minds as to the expediency of granting Letters-patent for Inventions, to have attended in an attitude of simple inquiry a meeting held for the discussion of the principles involved in it. Any one who has thus attended in the hopes of obtaining clearer views of an obscure subject must have been not a little disconcerted, as the argument went on, to find how little agreement there was between the disputants as to first principles and elementary facts. One fact especially, as to which he has always supposed there must be a general consent among those conversant with the subject, undergoes, he is concerned to notice, a wonderful transformation on being presented to him from opposite sides. What, he is anxious to know, would be the effect upon

inventors generally if Patent Laws were abolished altogether? The thoroughgoing advocate of the privilege insists on its being admitted as an axiom that but for some such shield provided for him by the State the inventor would work stealthily and, whenever it was possible, carry the secret of his discovery with him to the grave. The opponent of patent rights, on the other hand, ridicules the idea that trade secrets can be kept at all, or that an invention which has once proved itself useful in practice can possibly die out. As regards the possibility of secret working, he has ready a variety of anecdotes and cases drawn from the sober repertory of law reports, to prove that the ingenuity of the infringer has always been more than a match for the precautions of the inventor, and that moreover, when in his turn in the character of an outraged patentee, the inventor is bent upon detecting the infringer at his work, he does so in spite of all the subterfuges and precautions a guilty conscience can suggest. The attack where there is a secret to be stormed is always, he will tell you, stronger than the defense. That the following "true story" will have any influence upon the views of the parties to the debate it would be venturesome indeed to say, the policy of Letters-patent for Inventions lying just within that portion of debatable land on which men, otherwise at one upon the dogmas of Political Economy, are found arrayed on opposite sides, and into the discussion of which something of theological acrimony has managed to find its way.

The story tells how, nearly a hundred years ago, two men entirely, as far as one can see, unconnected with each other, discovered about the same time a very beautiful art, supposed to have been Photography—possibly Photography in colour; how, notwithstanding that a Patent Law was in full operation, they practised their art in secret, and how, with a strong suspicion in the case of one of them, that it was suppressed for purposes of State, the invention suddenly disappeared.

A few words will suffice to tell how "the photographs of the last century," as, without prejudice, we will call them for the nonce, were brought to light. At the gates of the sumptuous palace at South Kensington, in which Ornamental Art has been enthroned,—to the right as you enter, in a shed, or rather congeries of sheds, lie the treasures of her sister—the Cinderella of the family, Industrial

Art. Huddled together in this mean, ill-constructed store, are masterpieces of inventive skill and glorious relics of inventors now no more, of which the nation may well be proud. Here may be seen the famous original of Trevethick's locomotive (as old as 1803), "Puffing Billy" (Hedley's locomotive), and Stephenson's "Rocket" (that killed Huskisson); the "Parent Engine of Steam Navigation," as it is here affectionately labelled, that drove Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, along his lake at the rate of five miles an hour in 1788; and, placed as if to court comparison with this primeval form, beautifully finished models of the engines of the "Great Eastern," the models actually larger than the veritable engine of Dalswinton; the screw propeller (Bennett Woodcroft's) used in the first experiments made with that contrivance in an English ship of war; the reaping machine of the Scotch parson, Patrick Bell (parent and archetype of all other reapers on either side of the Atlantic), which closed a working career of forty years only to enjoy well-earned repose in Cinderella's cave; Arkwright's original models of carding and spinning machinery,—historical models and engines, in short, in magnificent profusion.

It was in endeavouring to add to these trophies a noble relic, Watt's "Sun and Planet" engine, the first device whereby the motion of a piston was imparted to a wheel, that one of the many zealous servants in Cinderella's household stumbled on the traces of the "Lost Art." The liberality of Mr. Boulton, a descendant of Matthew Boulton, had placed the engine at the disposal of the Commissioners of Patents, and this offer was shortly followed by a not less liberal proposal from the representative of Watt, viz., to add to the collection at South Kensington the contents of Watt's workshop at Handsworth, every article in which was then standing as it stood when the great inventor died. The condition attached to the latter gift marks the limit of the public spirit that dictated it. The Commissioners were to provide suitable accommodation for its display—a simple stipulation with the terms of which they have never yet been in a condition to comply.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 17th of December, 1861, Sir Francis Pettit Smith, then Mr. Smith, an honoured fellow labourer of Mr. Bennett Woodcroft's in the work of introducing the screw propeller into ships, left London for Birmingham,

to make arrangements, in his capacity of Curator of the Patent Museum, for the transfer to that establishment of the "Sun and Planet." Beyond this he had no mission, and, beyond collecting any records he might chance upon with reference to steam engines of early date, no thought of instituting any inquiries. Before night he was destined to fall in with strange objects that launched him and many others for many a day upon a sea of speculation of a very different kind.

On reaching Birmingham Sir Francis at once proceeded to Soho, where he was received by Mr. Price, a gentleman who had acted as the agent of the Boulton family for nearly thirty years. While discussing various matters connected with the establishment of steam machinery at Soho, Mr. Price opened some of the drawers in the office, and pulled out of them some old papers, among them two "crumpled up like old dusters." Flattened out, these are found to be pictures of so singular a kind that, unless they are attributable to photography, it seems hard to account for their production.* The suggestion of photography is no sooner made by his visitor than Mr. Price takes from a drawer—a parcel inscribed "Sun picture of Soho House, the residence of Matthew Boulton, before the alteration of 1791"! Within the parcel, face to face, are found two silvered plates, and on them—common daguerreotypes! Leaving behind him directions for the transmission of the "Sun and Planet," and musing much on the singular appearance of the pictures he has seen, Sir Francis returned to town.

It will be surprising only to those to whom the history of the thousand and one delusions that have at different times taken possession of the public mind is unknown, to see how confidently and in what numbers, so soon as the ante-daguerreotypian theory of photography is broached, confirmatory volunteers come trooping in. One gentleman in his zeal for the new idea produces a glass positive portrait, which has been so long in his family that no one can remember anything of the original. He proposes in forwarding it to Sir Francis to obtain a table-rapped certificate from "the spirits," as to the individual portrayed, and thus supply indisputable evidence of the an-

tiquity of the art. One can feel for a discoverer beset with such auxiliaries! In much the same spirit a family tradition of Soho was disinterred, one that promised not merely to reveal the nature of the art that had perished, but actually to disclose the wicked means employed for bringing it to its end. That Josiah Wedgwood's Paris agent should have borne the name of *Daguerre* was a circumstance invested all at once with wonderful significance!

Our story, from the period when the "Shepherd and Shepherdess" pictures were rescued from the obscurity of the office drawer at Soho, is best followed in the correspondence which ensued between Mr. Price, who remained in Birmingham, and Sir F. Smith, after his return to town. On the 3rd December, 1862, after some remarks as to the silver plates (innocent imposters in whom we shall lose all our interest directly), Mr. Price writes:—

The other photos you saw had a number scored on the face, 7, 6, or 9, and these I still hope to get for you in a day or two. I don't want to tease you too much, but suppose I could give you a clue to the camera which made these pictures! I had it once, and did not know what it was for. Some thirteen years ago I showed it to a friend of mine, and he appeared so delighted with it that I could not help giving it to him. When I cleared out Mr. Boulton's old library, Miss Wilkinson told me to take away "all that rubbish," and do what I liked with it. The camera and these old pictures were amongst the rubbish. Little did I think what they were.

On the 16th December, he informs Sir Francis:—

I saw an auctioneer to-day who some years ago was a common dealer and broker. He knew Mr. Powell (the gentleman to whom the camera had been given), and when I inquired if he knew his address, the subject of the sun pictures came up. He reminded me that some years ago, when I turned out all the rubbish and waste paper from the library at Soho, he bought the old scrap paper, and amongst it was a very curious picture which he could not make out. I did not recollect any picture being amongst the rubbish. He says that in sorting it over he found it and put it on one side. Since then he has frequently brought it out, and has always become bewildered as to what it is. He says it is neither chalk, crayon, India ink, paint, or painting. He will bring it up for me to see. It is in two parts, he says, and from its general description I suppose it is a brother or sister of those I sent you.

On the 19th December, he writes:—

* "If they are photographs," is the judgment of the *Photographic News*, reviewing the subjects of the discovery so long afterwards as November, 1863, "we have made no progress in reproduction—possibly retrogressed."

The broker who has got the other pictures expects to be paid. Of course I made very light of them. As he bought them merely as waste paper, I said he ought to return them to me as such. I asked him what he wanted for them, and he merely said he would consider of it. They should be secured by all means. They are very beautiful.

The reply is a telegram from Sir Francis, "Don't give him time to think, but get pictures at once, lowest price you can." On the 22nd, after assuring his correspondent that he will if possible get the pictures for him, Mr. Price proceeds to notice the family tradition I have adverted to. It has to be collated out of the experiences of one Townsend, an old man who had died some eight years before, and who had been Mr. Boulton's "cad," or handy man, and was well known in that capacity to the members of the celebrated Lunar Society which held its meetings at Soho. "In thinking over these pictures," Price writes, "I recollect old Townsend in his gossip telling me that they (the great men) used to have pictures on the table, not the pictures themselves, but the likenesses of the pictures. . . . He explained 'they' were in a dark tent and nothing but a *picture on the table*."

In January of the following year, the auctioneer has discovered "two more beautiful old sun pictures" among the rubbish, and these are duly ransomed and added to the others. On the 5th February, Price writes, "Boulton and Fothergill sold pictures painted in oil by the dozen at very low prices, and I firmly believe that I have a clue to the secret, but am not yet quite ready to give you details." In confirmation of his views he forwards from among the papers in the Soho office, a batch of copies of invoices and orders for "square mechanical paintings," and "oval pictures in forms of medallions." Some of the "mechanical paintings" were of great size. In a letter written by a customer in July, 1781, we have the wish expressed that "Rynaldo preventing Armina from stabbing herself" could be had in a smaller form than that in which it was being published,—fifty inches by forty.

On the 23rd May, Price announces a very mysterious circumstance that has come to his knowledge. After remarking that the entries in the Soho books prove that a great many of these pictures must be somewhere among the nobility and gentry of London, he goes on, "*I think Government had something to do with the*

suspension of the trade, because the person who held the secret was offered a pension. . ." A few days later, on the 29th May, he is fast losing faith (we shall see how justly directly) in the silver plates; but is being daily fortified in his belief in the new theory as to the paper pictures that are cropping up. "Eginton's name," he writes, "is erased in many places in the old books. All this is a mystery. . . . Boulton and Eginton I believe alone knew the secret, and with them it died."

Before noticing the very remarkable piece of evidence (the "Dartmouth Letter") on which this conjecture of Government action is based, let us say a word about Eginton, the pensioner that was to be, who now for the first time appears upon the scene. He is certainly no mythological personage, for his biography is contained in the prosaic register of Nagler's *Künstlerlexicon*, published in 1837, as that of—

EGINTON, FRANCIS, a celebrated English glass painter. He effected, in conjunction with Jarvis, a new revolution in that art, by making it an imitation of oil painting. . . .

The article gives a list of the most important of his works, in all some fifty. They consist of historical subjects and portraits in Magdalen College, Oxford; St. Paul's Church, Birmingham; Salisbury and Lichfield Cathedrals, Arundel Castle and Fonthill. His death is given as having occurred at Handsworth, in 1805, when he was in his sixty-eighth year.

The notice is followed in Nagler by another which may possibly, for those who pursue this matter for themselves, possess interest. It is that of "Eginton, Rafael," whom it speaks of as "glass painter at Birmingham, a successor of the preceding, whose reputation he maintained."

In July, Mr. Price writes that he is "startled" at a communication from Sir Francis, to the effect that Miss Meteyard (who was writing the life of Josiah Wedgwood) has found mention of a camera belonging to one of the Wedgwoods in 1791. "You may with safety," she has told Sir Francis, "refer the first experiments in photography to as early a date as 1790 or 1791. In this latter year I find Thomas Wedgwood, third surviving son of Josiah Wedgwood, sending his camera to be mended. . . ." The idea that the camera he has given away may be the very identical camera with which

the Lost Art has been practised revives in force, and he assures his correspondent he will try to follow up its traces. "You may depend upon it," he adds, reverting to the mystery he has drawn attention to, "this secret was allowed to die out with the death of Eginton and the lunatics,* and all traces of it were destroyed at the instigation of the Royal Academy and some members of the Government. In my old letter books hundreds of pages have been torn out besides many erasures."

On 1st November, 1863, Mr. Price has so far despaired of the recovery of the camera as to repeat with complacency the suggestion that has been made by a good-natured friend that it is probably doing duty in some Staffordshire chimney corner as a saltbox. He speaks of sending up some oil pictures by Eginton, and mentions a fact worth noting as it disposes of one of the many theories which undertook to solve all the difficulties presented by the case, viz. that the papers found were only the intermediate stage, so to speak, between the original and the article produced for sale. The fact is, that the pictures are all reversed.

And now for the Dartmouth letter, the famous document which has given such zest to the story by infusing into it the delicate flavour of Court scandal. The letter is one of the few pieces of evidence in this singular case which will bear handling; whether it goes to support the "old cad's" theory, is a very different question. The "old cad" was of opinion that Sir William Beechey was at the bottom of the whole affair. Price's contributions to this part of the story are only the recollections of Townsend. "He told me," says Mr. Price, "that Beechey painted Matthew Boulton's picture,† and when he was at Soho, Mr. Boulton explained to him this invention of taking sun pictures. Sir William then went amongst all the artists and got up a petition to Matthew Boulton and the Lunar Society begging them to stop, because it (the secret) would be the means of shutting up the painters' shops—this was poor old Townsend's expression."

And to "poor old Townsend," rambling on in his dotage, according to the light

left him, we are inclined to listen with an indulgent smile. We have a right to ask something more definite at the hands of a scientific writer, when he refers to these same ramblings as if they were the firmest of facts. "We were informed," so writes the *British Journal of Photography*, on 16th November, 1863, "that a copy of a petition from the well-known painter, Sir William Beechey, to the members of the Lunar Society, is in existence urging them, &c., &c.," in the words and to the purport and effect of old Townsend's recollections. If there be such a petition in existence, no effort ought to be spared for its production. If there be not—the fable of the Three Black Crows seems in danger of having its proud pre-eminence contested.

The so-called Dartmouth letter, to come to it at last, is a letter written by Matthew Boulton to Lord Dartmouth, the press copy of it being found among Matthew Boulton's papers. It is in these terms:—

MY LORD,—A few days ago I received a letter from Sir John Dalrymple, dated Dublin, May 27th, in which he surprises me by saying, "I have written to Sir Grey Cooper to have a pension of £20 per annum for Mr. Eginton: so if there is any stop write me of it to Scotland, and I will get it set to rights, as I know nothing but inattention can stop it."

As I think I cannot with propriety write to Sir Grey Cooper upon that matter, having not the honour of being known to him, and as I have never mentioned the subject to him, or any person beside your lordship, I hope, therefore, to be pardoned for thus troubling you with my sentiments and wishes.

In the first place I wish to have an entire stop put to the pension, because Mr. Eginton hath no claim nor expectations. I pay him by the year, and consequently he is already paid by me for all the three or four months spent in that business: and as to an overplus reward for his secrecy, I know how to do that more effectually, and with more prudence, than giving him annually £20, which will only serve to keep up the remembrance of that business, and therefore 'tis impolitical.

Besides it might, perhaps, be injurious to me, as such a pension might tend to make him more independent of me and my manufacture.

His attachment to me, his knowing that no use hath been made of the things, the obligation he is under to me, and his own natural caution and prudence, render me firmly persuaded that the scheme will die away in his memory, or at least will never be mentioned.

If anybody is entitled to any pecuniary reward in this business it is myself, because I have not only bestowed some time upon it, but have actually expended in money between one and two hundred pounds, as I can readily convince your lordship when I have the honour of

* Among the members of the "Lunar Society," who were thus nick-named, were Matthew Boulton, James Watt, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Parr, Sir W. Herschel, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Arelus, Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Roebuck, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Wedgwood.

† This is verified by the catalogue of the Royal Academy where the picture was exhibited.

seeing you at Soho; and, although I was induced by — to believe that I was writing at the request, and under the authority of a noble lord (whose wisdom and virtue I revere), yet I never intended making any charge to Government of any of my expenses or for my trouble.

All that I have now to request of your lordship is that a negative be put upon the pension.

My lord, your lordship's most dutiful, most obliged, and most faithful humble servant.

M. B.

It seems wanton to destroy almost as soon as they appear any of the harmless little mysteries we have by this time conjured up, but as a very important personage, who will arrive directly, would observe, *Magna est veritas*, and we can happily show our devotion to Truth, and at the same time add to the real interest of our story, by giving the *coup de grâce* to some few of them at once.

The silver pictures, as I have already hinted, were not real antiques. The inscription on the parcel notwithstanding, they turned out (we shall see how directly) to be daguerreotypes of a date when daguerreotyping was by no means rare. The hopeful inscription on one of the pictures of the broker's shop ["Sun picture taken by a process invented at the Soho works, Handsworth, the year 1780-85, 'Flora bedecking Pan'"] was found to be in the hand writing of the broker, who gave as his authority for the legend, — Mr. Price! If the complicity of the Government in an atrocious piece of Vandalism is to go too, we owe a word of apology to sundry photographic zealots who carefully annotated the facts, and drew attention to the circumstance that Lord Dartmouth's seat was in the vicinity of Soho, and that Sir Grey Cooper was an indefatigable Minister of State. We can in truth hardly hope for a conviction. If we remember that at the time that Eginton was busy with his pictures at Soho, the Soho factory was, so far as the copper coinage of the country was concerned, a Royal Mint, it seems possible, to say the least of it, that the invention the Government was desirous of putting a stop to, the preliminaries of which invention Boulton had entered on "at the request and under the authority" of a noble lord, as to which invention Boulton had never spoken to any one but his lordship, and more than all, of which no use had ever been made, was an invention more nearly affecting the welfare of the State than the copying of celebrated pictures, to the detriment of

artists, "by chemical and mechanical means."

One piece of evidence adduced by Mr. Price almost inclines us to believe that the invention did not die suddenly out at all. This is the proof-sheet of an article entitled "Handsworth," supposed to have been written by James Watt for a topographical work (Lewis). If the article was really written by him it is extremely curious, for after mentioning astronomical clocks as having been constructed at Soho, it goes on to say, "The art of copying pictures in oil colours, called Polygraphic (we must bear this name in mind as we proceed), was also invented and pursued here under the direction of Mr. Francis Eginton, to whom it was subsequently resigned, and who became celebrated for his painting upon glass."

To make amends for any disappointment occasioned by our actually necessary Massacre of the Innocents, we will now bring forward another mysterious personage, — unless indeed some critic shall step in and prove him to be only Eginton in disguise, — busier even than Eginton with chemical and mechanical painting, working for a sort of junior "Lunatics" in London, and practising his art not merely without molestation by the profession, but under the sanction of names still greater than that of Sir W. Beechey. His secret too is lost, and his works less fortunate than Eginton's, have passed away and left "not a wrack behind."

Our new acquaintance is Mr. Joseph Booth, a gentleman describing himself as of Lewisham, artist, and engaged, when we first meet with him, in 1784, in making chemical and mechanical reproductions of works of art, very much after the fashion of Eginton at Soho. In one important particular he differs materially from Eginton. He has a turn for authorship, and loves, if we would believe him, to discourse about nothing so well as the new invented Polygraphic art. He makes his art the pretext for deluging us with his views about all things earthly and supernal — save one — how he made his "chemical and mechanical paintings." On this point he is reticence itself, and he leaves us, after we have read both his treatises from end to end, under the uncomfortable impression that, while pretending to take us into his confidence, he has been laughing at us in his sleeve. The pamphlets are perhaps as neat a combination of rigmarole and business "smartness" as anything that has been put for-

ward by the great showman of our latter days, Artemus Ward himself. Booth's first production styles itself—

A treatise explanatory of the nature and properties of POLLAPLASIASMOS, or the original invention of multiplying pictures in oil colours, with all the properties of the original paintings, whether in regard to outline, size, variety of tints, &c.; together with a proposal for a subscription for forming a collection of pictures, truly original, on different subjects, interspersed with occasional remarks on the utility of painting, on the modern improvements in that art, and on the merits of the English school.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.

The "explanatory" treatise is a treatise enlightening us on every imaginable topic with the exception, as I have said, of "Pollaplasiasmos;" full of the perplexities of an inventor where his art "happens to have even the appearance of clashing with the interest of those who may be employed in professions in any aspect similar to the new undertaking," and the "undetermined state of mind" in which he (Booth) remained for a considerable time, "not knowing properly what method he ought to adopt to usher his invention into the world with that propriety which is necessary for an art entirely new." After moralizing on the relations between capital and genius, the artist is "induced on mature deliberation to throw himself and the product of many years' labour at the feet of that impartial public who alone, &c., &c.;" and accordingly invites the impartial public to form a club for the purchase of his "pollaplasiasmos" paintings. "With respect to an idea prevailing that the paintings must be mere copies, I must observe that they cannot be termed so with any propriety, especially when the subjects are designed on purpose for this work. Perfect coloured pictures will be produced by this manner of painting, though the design is only made in black, or a slight tinted drawing, and the pieces from such sketches will be as exquisitely painted as if the subject was first laboriously finished upon a piece of canvass." He forestalls very curiously an art critic of some celebrity, who gave reasons why we have no more of the works of this Lost Art, by drawing our attention to the imperishable character of the productions of Pollaplasiasmos:—"An entire new system of drawing and colouring, which is not subject to either change, cracking, peeling, or any other inconveniences, which too frequently attend even first-rate pictures

painted in the usual manner." Unless he is carrying duplicity to an incredible length his art had nothing in common with engraving, which he denounces as "a metaphysical thought which endeavours to form in imagination a living being without a body or member," while his own art is "that to painting which engraving is to design. Moreover," he adds, but without our seeing very clearly what the remark is intended to convey, "all the aerial beings of a Shakspear, or a Milton, must be formed of parts which are first realized in nature, else they could not possibly find a way to the poet's fancy." When he begins *seriatim* to set out "the imperfections of engraving, and the reason of his dwelling on those imperfections," we may fairly hope we are on the eve of some discovery, and when he refers to the "sarcasms which have been abundantly bestowed" upon his invention, our curiosity is on the alert for some piece of contemporary criticism from which we may form a guess as to its nature. But the hope dies away as we read on and find only a string of platitudes about "real grandeur" being something more than "a profusion of gold and glitter," and the eye being "never more pleased than when the mind partakes of the same sensation." After wandering off to the history of tapestry, Albert Dürer, Hugo de Carpi, and Mr. Jackson of Battersea (who has, it appears, all but effected some wonderful improvement in paper hangings), he comes to notice the invention of one Le Blond, for printing in colours from mezzo-tinto plates. "These were certainly," he says, "very good of their kind, but the great expense attending the preparation of the plates, &c., considerably enhanced the price to purchasers, and though they were much esteemed at that time, yet they were nothing more than prints in colours on paper,"—from which we may fairly enough infer that Booth's process was something else. His pictures were finished with great nicety, and he is particularly severe on the "artistic daubs," which he declares have been the origin of the "wink of wisdom" connoisseurs are forced to give in peeping through their hands. In connection with artistic daubs he tells us of "a person of Birmingham" who "acquired a considerable fortune by indulging a similar mind;" but unless there are circumstances we are not acquainted with in the factory at Soho, the reference can hardly be to the only rival he can have in his own line—the artist Eginton.

Neither Booth nor Eginton patented the invention they practised. Booth insists on taking us into his confidence and telling us frankly why. He says it has been a matter of "surprise to some people" that he has not. Had he given no reason we might perhaps have shared in the "surprise." As it is we find it difficult to reconcile the reason with the facts. He says that if he had patented his invention he must have disclosed the secret in his specifications; but unless there were two Joseph Booths, both artists of Lewisham, flourishing at the same time, our friend Joseph must excuse us for being very imperfectly satisfied with the explanation. A Joseph Booth, of Lewisham, artist, if we can trust the record of the Office of the Great Seal, obtained in the year 1792, Letters-Patent for an invention, the nature of which he was by a special Act of Parliament (32 Geo. III. c. lxxiii.) allowed to keep secret. It was for "a machine or apparatus, and certain chemical compositions invented by him, for the purpose of making various kinds of woollen cloths *and other articles*." I have the specification of the patent (No. 1,888) before me, and I see from it that in pursuance of the act Lord Darnley and a Mr. Nicholson have examined our artist, and certify in an affidavit that the specification, amended at their suggestion, "fully, completely, and accurately describes the whole and every part of such invention and discovery, and the method of using and employing the same for the uses and purposes therein set forth." We run through the specification, from which the seal of secrecy has long since been removed, and find that whatever "other articles" may have been invented by the patentee, he has said no word that can be construed into the description of any method of chemically and mechanically painting in oil.

Booth's pamphlet concludes with an address to his patrons. He tells them that "he has lately refused a very advantageous offer made by a foreign power," for the establishment of his art "in a place where he was assured of the greatest success." But no terms "can induce him to leave his native country in expectation of the patronage and protection of foreigners, more especially as he is well assured he will be amply rewarded in throwing himself for support in his undertaking on that candour and liberality which have ever been the characteristic of Britons. He has already received the most flattering proof of the justness of his sentiments

on this head, on an application made above a year ago to one of the first men the world has produced in his line. Suffice it to say, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a protecting hand, generously assisted him in his invention in a manner truly great and noble. . . . Mr. West, too, with a mind superior to professional prejudices, indulged the artist with the use of one of his pictures ('Jupiter and Europa'), from which he has taken the first piece which he dares submit to the inspection of the public, numbers of former productions having been laid aside from the many improvements which the art has undergone within the last year." In the title-page of this curious work, we read that a specimen of the Art "may now be inspected at the inventor's house near Golden Square, admittance *gratis*, price of the pamphlet 1s."—a form of invitation not unknown to patrons of art of the present day.

Four years elapse before we catch sight of our artist friend again. He is evidently prospering. His society has been formed, and Pollaplasiasmos has become Polygraphy; the very title, as I pointed out just now, adopted for Eginton's process at Soho. The lapse of time has left the artist as didactic but unfortunately as uncommunicative (about picture painting) as ever. He is now publishing a second pamphlet; it is without date, but assigned by the learned in such matters in the British Museum to 1788. He pens this time—

An Address to the public on the Polygraphic Art, or the copying and multiplying pictures in oil colours, by a chemical and mechanical process, the invention of Mr. Joseph Booth, portrait painter.

Utque artes pariat Solertia nutriat usus.

We have no space left to record the wanderings of our hero in his second manifesto, in which he praises his art as "having a tendency to strengthen religious principles and conceptions, and to improve the morals of the people. . . . A taste for the fine arts," he observes—and the sentiment was probably a novelty then—"is incompatible with ferocity of manners. It even restrains the fierceness of war. . . . Painting in particular is favourable to virtue. . . ." and so on. The man is incorrigible as ever, and we lay down the second pamphlet, like the first, without having in any way improved our knowledge of the process he invented.

This source of information failing us, we revert naturally to the neighbourhood

of Soho. So long as the Heathfield work-room remained closed, there was ground of course for hope that within it would be found the very instruments that had been used in the manufacture of the pictures. The idea must indeed have impressed itself with singular force upon the minds of those interested in the matter, when we find a writer, usually so careful as Mr. Smiles,* including in the list of articles which presented themselves to those who at last, on the 4th May, 1862, got access to the chamber—an “extemporized camera!” Unhappily, to the few persons who (among them were Sir Francis Smith and Mr. Woodcroft) entered the workroom so long closed, no such object was apparent, carefully as every nook and corner of the premises was searched. The only optical apparatus to be seen were three or four lenses with paper mounts, and these were lying about in drawers.

With the unsuccessful search in Watt's workroom the attempts to collect evidence in the neighbourhood of Soho seem to have ceased, and the photographic world, in which the rumoured discovery had made a stir, prepared for a discussion over what materials had come to light. On the first night of its winter session in 1863, the rooms of the London Photographic Society were crowded, and Sir Francis made his statement, which it is needless to say was listened to with the deepest interest. When the sensational part of it had been winnowed out of the story, the modest tone in which the speculations of the speaker had been put forward earned for him perhaps still heartier admiration. The evidence in the shape of products of the Lost Art was of course subjected to the severest scrutiny. The more the paper pictures were examined the more wonderful and extraordinary they appeared. As if to destroy at a blow the theories of those who maintained that they were simply copper-plate engravings coloured after some expeditious method, it was found that the whole picture could be wiped out with a sponge as a boy's sums are rubbed off a slate! The *British Journal of Photography*, one of the highest authorities I suppose upon the matter, was obliged some days after the meeting to content itself with thus summing up the *status* of the pictures that had been found:—“There is no direct evidence proving them to have been produced by photography. On the other hand, there is nothing which militates

against such a supposition, and several arguments in favour of it.” The paper of one (“The Stratonice”) furnished a strong probability of the antiquity of the picture. It was shown by a letter from the present proprietors of the mills where it was manufactured that it must have been made prior to 1794.

The general discussion at the Society's meeting was led off by Dr. Diamond, who cited the opinion of one of our most competent authorities, Mr. William Smith, deputy chairman of the National Portrait Gallery, to the effect that the pictures “were not produced either by engraving, drawing, or painting, or by any method of which he had any knowledge. They bore no traces of any handwork whatever.” Much interest was expressed on the production by the speaker of a Catalogue of the Exhibition of Joseph Booth and the Polygraphic Society at 381, Strand. The rest of the discussion was hardly profitable, the critics selecting for their attacks precisely those points of the story on which it was exceptionally strong. One gentleman, who objected that in the early days of photography “no lens existed capable of producing a sharp impression,” found apparently no one at the meeting to remove his doubts. He receives a reply, however, a few days after, in the *British Journal of Photography*, somewhat in the style of the Yorkshireman who accounted for a particular phenomenon by “dooting the fact.” The answer, the editor says, “is simple; the image is *not* sharp, but presents precisely the appearance that would be anticipated of an uncorrected lens of a particular character, that is to say, if taken by the aid of a quartz spectacle lens (pebble), an instrument very likely to have been used.”

The meeting at the Society's rooms by no means exhausted the discussion, and pamphlets had to be exchanged before all parties could receive even imperfect satisfaction. One by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton (grandson of Matthew Boulton), published in 1865, went far to clear up all the points as to which we can even now feel sure. Adopting a species of argument especially applicable to the case, he made the eye the arbiter in the dispute as to the silver plates, and proved that the “sun picture of old Soho,” before 1791, was a daguerreotype of Winsor Green, taken by his aunt, Miss Wilkinson, in 1840. He did this by the simple expedient of appending to his pamphlet a lithograph copy of the picture on the sil-

* Lives of Boulton and Watt.

ver plate and a sketch of Winsor Green, taken in 1841. On that point no one doubted more.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

Mr. Boulton expresses himself as adverse to the supposition that the so-called mechanical pictures were photographic. As regards the word "sun pictures," he says, "neither my sisters nor I ever heard this title made use of; but I have found persons who, when at Soho about 1830, heard the pictures there spoken of as 'sun pictures,' and I believe that Mr. Hodgson heard the title used at an earlier period."

The last shot fired by way of controversy was by Mr. George Wallis, of the South Kensington Museum in the *Art-Journal* for 1866, under the title of "The Ghost of an Art Process practised at Soho, near Birmingham, about 1777 to 1780, erroneously supposed to have been Photography." But for the consideration of this and many other interesting speculations that have been hazarded on the subject we have no space left.

I think I have now said all that is needful to induce those interested in curiosities of invention to look into this singular matter for themselves. So far as concerns the process by which the pictures were produced, we are perplexed rather than assisted by the repeated "explanations" of discordant experts. If it was merely mechanical reproduction of any given subject, one can fancy how the good people of Soho chuckled over the letter (which still survives) of one of their London customers begging the next pictures they ordered might be painted "in a much more masterly style." If they were not, and hand labour was not dispensed with by the art, it seems impossible to understand the delight expressed by Matthew Boulton in one of his letters (1st February, 1781), at having his engine drawing copies by the art "on thick paper, in which case the drawing is reversed, and is so perfect as not to be distinguished from the original." That it was mechanical, or that the outline (and possibly the dead colour) was secured without labour, seems a fair inference from one of Burney's letters, where he is writing about a picture that would seem to have not been well adapted to the process. "Your idea was perfectly right," he says, "about 'Telemachus,' had it been mechanized, but at present the outline and the dead colour take

nearly half the time." If the art was worked secretly its concealment was possibly due to much the same course of proceeding on the part of those who worked it, as that described by Edgar Poe in his famous story of "The Purloined Letter." Had it been known to be a secret, it seems strange that it escaped the attention of the "Eavesdroppers" about Soho, with whose wiles Mr. Smiles makes us acquainted in his charming little sketch of the wayside inn at Handsworth; and if—but we might lose ourselves to any depth in conjecture on this curious matter, with regard to which those most competent to decide agree only in differing. Without staying to draw the moral, or morals,—for there are morals in the story for all sorts and conditions of men from dealers in waste paper to Ministers of State,—I would recommend the reader simply to visit the little chamber of Sir Francis Smith, at the Patent Museum of South Kensington, see the pictures which have been actually found, and decide for himself upon what Mr. Wallis very happily christened while his judgment was in suspense, "An Art mystery awaiting a solution."

JOHN CORYTON.

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERY OPENED.

WITH the help of the remedies which were at hand Mrs. Prescott was soon restored to consciousness. Faintness was no unusual thing to her; it was rather the certain result of any undue excitement or fatigue, so that her son was able to attend to her without calling for any assistance.

"I am so sorry, mother," he said, looking anxiously at her.

"It is I who am sorry, Stephen, to let my silly nervousness so completely master me; but I am better now—I shall be able to talk to you presently."

"Never mind to-night, mother; you must not worry yourself. Tell me to-morrow."

Mrs. Prescott pressed the hand in which her son held hers, and was silent for a few moments.

"I will tell you now," she said, "and you must promise me not to be vexed that I have not spoken of it before. Of course you were a boy at the time, and I could not mention it; then as years went on, and all connection between us was broken, I grew almost to forget that such a circumstance had ever happened, and it appeared a pity that you should be given occasion to think less of your uncle. That was the only reason, Stephen. You know, do you not, that I have never kept anything from you? There has been always the most perfect confidence between us."

"So I have believed, mother."

"Yes, and if I kept this to myself, it was on your account; I feared the knowledge might vex you."

"You forget that I have not the slightest idea to what you are alluding. Of course I suppose it relates to this Mr. Despard. Tell me at once, who is he?"

"Your Uncle Bernard's son."

"What! Uncle Bernard's son! Mother, say it again—I cannot believe my ears."

"Ah, Stephen! nor could I my eyes when first I read the letter which told me of it," and she shuddered at the recollection.

"The mother was not his wife then?"

"Stephen, how could she be?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I am so astounded at this, and that you could keep it to yourself all these years, that I am prepared to hear anything."

"She was a low, bad woman," said Mrs. Prescott, taking no notice of his excitement; "she deceived your uncle in every way. He met her at some of the places he used to frequent, and was struck with her appearance and took her away with him. She never knew what his real position in life was, or she would not have left him, which she did just before your grandfather's death. Not knowing what to do with the child, your uncle asked Mr. Despard to give it shelter for a little time, and, from some reason, with Mr. Despard it remained until your uncle's death, when, in a letter which he left for me, I first heard of the circumstance. While I was considering what was best to be done, Mr. Despard wrote offering to adopt the boy, and bring him up as his own son. I was only too glad to accept the offer, for at that time, God knows, I had enough on my hands. Oh, your uncle was cruel, very cruel! He is dead and gone, Stephen, and I wish to forgive him; but if

any man ever wronged the widow and the orphan, he did."

While Mrs. Prescott was saying this, Sir Stephen was walking up and down the room trying to grasp this unexpected revelation. Suddenly he stopped.

"Do you mean to tell me, mother, that you never did anything for this boy, but let the whole cost and burden of his maintenance rest upon this old Mr. Despard?"

"Stephen!" and here Mrs. Prescott's tears came to her assistance; but her son took no notice of them.

"I—I did all I could," she sobbed; "I deprived myself of what ready money I possessed at the time to send to Mr. Despard—five hundred pounds, which afterwards got the young man his commission; and I gave the old man this living, a great thing for a struggling London curate, for that was all he was before; and surely it was far better that the boy should be brought up respectably as the adopted son of a clergyman, than that it should be known that he belonged to nobody."

"Belonged to nobody, mother! he belonged to us. Now I can solve the riddle which has puzzled me all my life. Uncle Bernard's speculations were made to leave something to this boy. He knew the wrong he had done him, and I suppose he guessed rightly that, with no claim to justice, the lad had little chance of getting it given to him by his family."

Mrs. Prescott put her hands over her ears. "I won't listen," she exclaimed; "I shall go mad! After all I have sacrificed and done for you, Stephen, to turn around like this upon me. Oh, I am indeed punished!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

But Stephen seemed dead to everything but his sense of the injury which Leo had sustained.

"What opinion could Mr. Despard have formed of us?" he exclaimed; "what must he have thought of me, inheriting all my uncle had to leave, yet not caring whether his son was alive or dead?"

"Really, Stephen, you are the most unreasonable person I ever met with. So far from having a bad opinion of us, the few letters that Mr. Despard sent me were filled with expressions of gratitude, that he was permitted to have the boy, whom he spoke of as being the greatest comfort of his life. Oh, how I wish now that I had never consented to come here! I had a presentiment of evil from the

first, and though I fought against it, as I have done through life wherever your wishes were concerned, a shudder ran through me each time I thought of the odious place."

"Well, mother, I cannot understand you. My only wonder is that you could ever rest anywhere; the fact—alone—of keeping such a thing from me would have been sufficient, I should have said, to worry you to death."

"Our anxieties do not kill us, Stephen, or I should have been in my grave long ago. Sometimes," and here her tears began afresh, "I think there is very little for me to live for."

"I see we have talked enough for to-night," Sir Stephen said impatiently, as he rang the bell.

"Of course you will not think of mentioning the subject to any one, Stephen. You see that the young man himself knows nothing of it. It would be cruel to deceive him; he seems so very happy and contented, far more than —"

But her son interrupted her.

"For Heaven's sake, mother, say no more. Leave me to decide how I shall act for the future."

The sternness of his face and manner frightened her into silence, until, startled by a knock at the door, she said, "Who can that be?"

"Only Davis. I rang for her to come to you. I will assist you to your room."

Many things connected with this disclosure seemed to hurt and irritate him. That his mother, between whom and himself he had believed perfect confidence to exist, could keep an important secret like this from him, was sufficiently startling—and for what reason? Why was he to be kept in ignorance? Who had so great a right to know? Well might Miss Despard wish to avoid him—in her conduct he saw the reflection of her brother's feelings. The odd thing was, that after remaining silent, that is, if she had remained silent for all these years, she should suddenly speak to Hero. What could be her motive? This thought perplexing him considerably, he determined to write a note asking Hero to oblige him by not keeping her appointment, as, from a conversation he had had with his mother, he intended paying Miss Despard a visit himself, and by going at the time she had appointed to see Hero, he hoped in all probability to find her at home and alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

"ALL SOUND TILL WE'RE SIFTED."

THE next morning, having despatched a messenger to Sharrows sufficiently early to prevent Hero's visit, Sir Stephen, at the appointed time, presented himself at Aunt Lydia's cottage, thereby so startling the old lady that some time elapsed before she knew what she was saying to him, or what he was saying to her. By chatting about Mallett, the people he had met there, and the pleasure it gave him to come among them, he gave her time to recover her composure, and, with a view of leading up to the subject, he at length mentioned Leo's name. Immediately Aunt Lydia's face changed and her manner altered; so, laying aside all further reserve, he said,—

"Miss Despard, I am a very poor diplomatist, and I am sure you understand straightforwardness far better than anything else; therefore you must forgive any seeming bluntness, if I come to what I have to say without more preamble."

Poor Aunt Lydia's heart seemed to beat quicker at every word. Could Sir Stephen have heard what she had said about him and Hero, and had he come to say that it was false, or, worse still, that it was true?

"Until last night," he went on, "I was perfectly ignorant of the debt of gratitude which I and my family owe to you and your brother. From some mistaken motive, my mother never told me that my uncle, Sir Bernard Prescott, had left a son, and until I came down here, except as rector of Mallett, I never heard of Mr. Despard. Now that I am made aware of his generosity and goodness to my uncle's son, I am grieved beyond measure that I cannot tell him, that what must have seemed unfeeling, selfish neglect, arose solely from total ignorance of the facts. My mother's life had been one long sacrifice of self to duty, so that I know her silence was caused by an idea that she was acting rightly. She says that deference to Mr. Despard's wishes was her principal reason for not speaking to me, or doing anything in the matter."

"It is quite true; she only acted as my dear brother always desired that she would," exclaimed Aunt Lydia, whose anger had vanished before Sir Stephen's truthful, earnest manner. "Antony was most grateful that you never interfered, but let him bring up Leo as if he were indeed our own boy. Ah! Sir Stephen, if ever my poor brother made an idol, it

was of Leo. Don't speak of gratitude, Sir Stephen, and tell your mother to be assured that my dear brother blessed her many and many a time for leaving him such a comfort. Two old people, alone in the world, our lives would have been very dull without Leo."

Sir Stephen took the old lady's hand. "Your unselfish goodness," he said, "puts my thanks to silence; but you must now tell me your wishes, so that I may see if I cannot serve your adopted son in some way."

Aunt Lydia sat for a few moments without speaking, but with an expression in her sweet old face which kept Sir Stephen from disturbing her; then looking at him she said,—

"How wonderful are the ways of Him, who worketh all things together for our good! Until two days ago, I never wished that the silence which my brother kept up between Leo and his father's family should be broken; but a circumstance has occurred which has made me hesitate, and think, would it not be best that you should know, as perhaps you could be of great assistance to Leo. I cannot tell you, Sir Stephen, how this thought has worried me not having any person to speak to on the matter."

"Mr. Leo Despard is not aware, then, of the connection between us?"

"Oh dear no! nothing could be further from his thoughts. He knows that the details of his birth are somewhat painful; for before he went into the world, my dear Antony thought it only right to tell him so much, but no more; therefore I could not speak to him. I could but seek guidance, and now you come to me, and ask a question which gives the answer to my petition. Mrs. Prescott, you say, has only told you now?"

Sir Stephen, wishing that Aunt Lydia should suppose his mother's communication a voluntary one, answered,—

"Yes; she saw that we were likely to be thrown more together, and she thought it best. You know I am going to sell my larger estate, and settle at Mallett altogether."

"Dear me! that seems a pity. I remember Antony telling me what a beautiful place it was."

"Yes; most people admire it, and that gives me hope that I shall have no difficulty in selling it. I presume," he said, reverting to the subject uppermost in his mind, "that it was Mr. Leo Despard's wish to be a soldier."

"From the time he was a little fellow so high, he delighted in nothing else. He and his dear uncle would play by the hour together at fighting battles and drilling armies. Antony wished him to go into the church, feeling that it was more than probable that you would, in due time, have allowed Leo to take his place as rector here, and there would have been a comfortable provision for him for life; whereas, where he is, the poor boy has a hard task to pay his way; and to put by to purchase his next step, is next to impossibility, Sir Stephen. If he had a friend in power, or any one to lend him a helping hand, he thinks something might be managed. And now, Sir Stephen, I am coming to my request—a very bold one I fear you will think it."

"No, I shall not; only tell me exactly what he wants. This, you know, is strictly between ourselves."

"Yes, I am sure of that, and I feel as if I could really open my mind to you, Sir Stephen, which is such a comfort to one pent up as I have been, through having no one to whom I could speak openly. Well, I dare say you don't know, though perhaps you may have guessed, that there is a great attachment between Leo and Hero Carthew."

Sir Stephen nodded his head, to signify that he was already in possession of that fact.

"Ah, I thought whether you hadn't noticed it. Then I dare say you have also noticed that there's a little misunderstanding between them just at present."

"No. I saw them together on Wednesday."

"Ah, yes; but it has been since then. They had a fall out that evening. You see, Sir Stephen, that though they have been engaged, it has not been anything formal: and I suppose Hero (and very naturally) now wants it to be known, and she told Leo as much, and he took it into his head it would not be honourable to bind her, and so objected; and then, as is always the case, one word led to another, until the poor boy in his warmth, let out what we had none of us suspected, that he has been miserable for ever so long, because he can't see his way to getting his promotion, for perhaps ten years to come, and until he gets that they must not think of marrying, you know, Sir Stephen; and he said at length that, rather than tie Hero down by a long engagement, he would set her free, and she—rather ungenerously, I must say that of her—took him at his word. As

he said to me last night, why can't they go on as they've been going on? But she won't have that. She says things are altered now, and she wishes people to know that she is engaged, and from what I can gather she was a little high and mighty with him, and Leo isn't one to stand that; and so when she said then they would in future only be friends, he took her at her word, and the consequence is, they are both of them heart-broken, and one won't give way and the other won't give way, so that there is no knowing how long they may go on making each other miserable. However, I shouldn't mind that so much—for young people are pretty sure to get right in the end—if it was not that it has opened my eyes to the dear boy's anxieties about his promotion, which I never knew before, and I am afraid it will affect his health, and he talks of volunteering for some of those dreadful places where a strong young man is taken off like the snuff of a candle in a few hours"—and here poor Aunt Lydia shuddered at the melancholy prospect. "A wife, you see, is such a safeguard to a man in the army, because he knows if he goes throwing away his life, how straitened he must leave his poor widow: so that I shouldn't be a bit afraid if Leo was married—only how is he to marry until he gets his promotion, and how is he to get his promotion without a friend to give him a helping hand?" And stopping, she looked wistfully at Sir Stephen, who sat listening to her words with a grave face.

He had not interrupted her while she was speaking, for every sentence she uttered seemed to send his thoughts travelling off in a fresh direction. Viewed in the light which Aunt Lydia threw upon it, Leo's denial assumed a different aspect and Sir Stephen could readily credit the young fellow was striving to do what he believed to be honourable and right. Until now he hardly knew how strongly hope had sprung up within him; but if this was the explanation of Leo's coldness, he must give up all thought of things being different, and until he had done what was plainly his duty, forget his personal interest in the matter. So, with an effort, which he strove to hide from Miss Despard, he said,—

"If the sum for purchasing a further step will secure their happiness, you need say no more, Miss Despard, as I consider you have every right to claim that from me."

"Oh, Sir Stephen, you are too gen-

erous; pray don't speak in that way to me, for I could not think of allowing you to deprive yourself of such a sum; we shall only look upon it as a loan from you which is to be repaid, and I know that Leo will leave no stone unturned to repay it, for he is a good boy, Sir Stephen—a dear good boy, a son whom any man might have been proud to own; but there, I have no right to speak; it is not for us to judge."

"I suppose you never saw the mother?" said Sir Stephen.

"No, never."

"I thought she might have made some attempt to see the boy."

"She never knew where he had been placed, and his dread of her discovering it kept Sir Bernard from coming to the house. It was not until he ascertained that she was dead that he wrote to Antony, saying he should now see the child; and we always thought he meant to acknowledge him. But there, it was not to be. Sudden death is very awful, Sir Stephen, and I shall never forget the shock your poor uncle's death gave Antony. You see they were much attached to each other—like brothers, you may say."

"Mr. Despard had seen the mother?"

"Yes, he had; poor Antony quite grieved, thinking what a thousand pities for Sir Bernard to have made such a mistake, for you know he quite thought Sir Bernard had married her; indeed, to his dying day it was a mystery to my dear brother. Ah, we're all sound till we're sifted, Sir Stephen, and the man who trusts to his own strength is lost."

While Aunt Lydia was saying this the expression of Sir Stephen's face had gradually become more pained and anxious.

"I shall come again soon, and have another chat with you, Miss Despard," he said, rising from his chair with a heavy feeling of oppression. "In the meantime, how about your nephew? Do you propose to inform him now of our relationship?"

"Oh, that I shall leave to you, Sir Stephen."

"You see that, though I have a large-sounding income, I am from circumstances so straitened for ready money that I could not conveniently spare this sum until I have made some arrangement dependent on my estate of Pamphillon, which is at present for sale. Now, suppose we said nothing about this matter until the money is forthcoming, and then we told Mr. Despard?"

"That is quite as I think, Sir Stephen."
 "I hope to be able to do this in the course of a few weeks; so they will not have a very long term of probation."

Aunt Lydia took his outstretched hand, and while tears of joy filled her eyes, she said, —

"My tongue has ever been a very weak exponent of my heart, and never more feeble to express its gratitude than at this moment; but inasmuch as you have done to me, may it be done to you, so that the burden which lies nearest to your heart be lifted suddenly away, and its heaviness turned into great fulness of joy."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAPTAIN CLEARS UP SOME POINTS.

AFTER leaving Aunt Lydia, Sir Stephen walked towards the village, at the entrance to which he suddenly came upon Captain Carthew and Leo Despard. Determined upon making restitution for the false impression he considered he had formed of Leo, Sir Stephen gave him a more friendly greeting than their short acquaintance demanded, and when at the turn to the forts Leo stopped, Sir Stephen said, —

"If you have nothing better to do, will you stroll round, and smoke a cigar with me this evening?"

"Thanks, I will," said Leo, well pleased at the change; and the Captain and Sir Stephen walked on together.

"That seems a nice young fellow," Sir Stephen said, debating within himself whether or not he should speak openly to Captain Carthew. "You knew Mr. Despard, the rector, intimately, I suppose?"

"What, old Antony? Ah, yes; he and I were great chums," said the Captain, regretfully.

"Did he ever speak to you as to the antecedents of this adopted son of his?"

The Captain gave a quick look at Sir Stephen.

"I am not asking from idle curiosity, as you will presently see. I really want to unburden myself a little to you on a subject which has just caused me great annoyance. I know I may speak openly to you."

The Captain, on whom the troubled tone of Sir Stephen's voice was not lost, put his arm through his companion's.

"Let us turn down here," he said. "We are not so likely to be interrupted." And they walked on a little distance without either of them speaking. "Now,

about this young Despard," the Captain began. "All I know of him from his uncle is this — as to anything others may say, well, I put it in the same list with what he says of himself — he was the son of a great friend of the old man's, who had got himself into a precious mess through some woman he took up with. He was a queer kind of fish, and Antony thought he had married her, and when he took charge of Leo, then a little chap in petticoats, he still believed that she was his wife, though by this time she had bolted from him, and he was furious against her, so much so, that until she died, which she did a few years after, he wouldn't even look at the child, who was the image of the mother. After her death he softened down a little, and came to see the boy, and talked about taking him home, for he'd come into some property, I fancy — when, poor fellow, he died quite suddenly of some complaint which, it seems, he kept to himself for years, and everything was found to be at sixes and sevens. The next of kin wrote to old Antony, and, as nothing was found of a marriage certificate, or any papers to clear up the matter, the poor little beggar had no claim upon anybody. Old Antony offered to adopt him, and they were only too willing to be ridden of the burden. Mind you," added the Captain, finding Sir Stephen still silent, "if ever any one was certain of a berth aloft, that man was old Antony Despard. He loved his neighbour, he feared God, and honoured the king; and if there's anything else that ought to be done to make things square, why, sir, he did it."

And the Captain, in his excitement, pushed his hat farther back, and shook his head defiantly at Sir Stephen.

"You but confirm what Miss Despard told me this morning, and my mother told me last night, when I was first informed that the friend for whom Mr. Despard did all this was my uncle, the late Sir Bernard Prescott, and that this young Despard is therefore my cousin."

"The devil he is!" exclaimed the Captain, stopping, and turning short round in blank amazement. "God bless my soul! why, I thought you were asking on Hero's account! Lord! I never had the wind so knocked out of me before. Leo Despard your uncle's son! Well, then, for once I should have cut up rough with old Antony, for —" and he grasped Sir Stephen's hand — "by Jingo, if the mother *had* been married, Mallett might have thrown out signals of distress for a

month of Sundays, before Master Leo would have come to the rescue."

Sir Stephen smiled.

"You have rather set me thinking," he said, "I suppose old Mr. Despard felt quite satisfied that every justice had been done to this boy. That is the worst of being kept in ignorance. Women do what is right; but they don't always see the necessity of proving that they have done so. My poor mother, for instance, is plagued with such a tender conscience, that she would overstrain and torment herself in any doubtful matter; but very likely she would never think to say this to any one, fancying that they would be sure to judge her as justly as she would judge them."

"And so she was judged," said the Captain; "for I, not knowing who the parties were, have often asked Antony if he was satisfied that it had all been plain sailing."

"And he was?"

"Perfectly. He said his knowledge of the person who wrote to him thoroughly satisfied him; and now I know that he meant your mother, I can understand the high opinion he had of her."

"I am very glad of that," said Sir Stephen, with a sigh of relief; "but the good old man must have thought very meanly of me."

"Not a bit of it. He never thought meanly of any one, and, least of all, of any member of your family. On the contrary, you may depend he was very much obliged to you for not interfering; indeed, I've heard him say as much."

"It was very strange that he should not have told the young fellow himself?"

"Well, I don't know that. He'd a good deal more sense than he ever got credit for, and I expect he saw that Master Leo was one rather given to lay hold of fanciful notions. He's a queer mixture is Leo, and I can make more allowance for his twists and cranks now. I am glad your mother told you of the circumstance. These things are better made a clean breast of."

"Her silence has been a terrible annoyance to me," Sir Stephen said. "At least," he added, wishing to screen her forced avowal, "she ought to have told me before we came down here. Directly she did so I went to Miss Despard, and I have had a long talk with her this morning."

"Does she wish Leo to be told of it?"

"Yes, we shall tell him, but not for a little time to come. I may as well be

plain with you. I wish to give him the sum for the purchase of his next step. I cannot do this till Pamphillon is sold; then I shall be able to manage it, and add to it enough, so that he may marry, which it seems he is very anxious to do."

"The deuce he is? And who does he want to marry?"

Sir Stephen hesitated.

"You don't mean Hero?"

Sir Stephen's silence implied that he did mean Hero, and the Captain shook his head.

"Why, it was only last night that she told me that they'd parted company."

"Yes, Miss Despard hinted at some misunderstanding, in consequence of Mr. Despard feeling that it would be wrong to bind your daughter to one who could not marry for an indefinite time; but that is over now—they can marry as soon as they please." And a something in the tone of these words made the Captain avoid looking at once at the speaker.

"Well, he may get his promotion," he said, "and very glad I shall be to see a pair of epaulettes upon his shoulders; but if he gets my girl, why, I'll eat my head, hat and all. No, no, not a bit of it."

"You won't give your consent?"

"Give my consent! Yes, I'll give my consent if he ever gets hers. But, whereas, a little time ago she'd nailed her colors to Leo, and would have stuck to him through thick and thin, like a true woman—God bless 'em every one!—now, whether he sinks or swims, the same boat will never hold them, and the longer they live the wider they'll drift apart."

"But how—what has caused this sudden change?" said Sir Stephen.

"Nothing, I believe; only old. Time has made a woman of the child, and she cares for something beyond a good figure-head. I always knew that if they were thrown much together her love for Leo would be gone; they're as opposite to one another as the poles. I wish Leo well, and, for my old friend's sake, besides having a liking for the boy himself, I'd do him a service with all my heart; but, for all that, I say, thank the Lord that he'll never be anything more to my girl, and last night when she told me I took an extra glass of grog on the strength of it. Ah! by the bye, that brings me to a promise I gave to our friend Joe Bunce. Do you really think you shall take up your quarters here—I mean, so that you'll keep on your boat, and need Joe as a regular hand?"

"Certainly I mean to engage his services to be a handy man about the place, and to make the boat his especial care."

"Well, then, will you tell him so?"

"Of course I will. I was on my way to the village when we met. If you are going there, we'll walk on together."

"What you have told me," said the Captain, as they turned into the road, "is as safe as if it was unsaid. Until you give the word I shall never speak of it to a living soul."

"I shall be entirely guided by his own wishes," said Sir Stephen. "He may desire that things be left as they are."

"Most probably he will," said the Captain. "You see, it's an awkward thing to be chopping and changing, and I know when Leo has a story to tell he isn't particular to a shade or two." Then, seeing that they were approaching a more frequented part, he added, "but we'll talk this over again. There are two or three things I want to say; but we'll leave them for the present, and finish our business with Mr. Joe, who I can see round the corner keeping a sharp lookout. Come, Joe, here's Sir Stephen — now speak up!" for the expression on Joe's face had suddenly assumed a bashfulness rather at variance with its bronze color and hairy surroundings.

"Well, Joe!" said Sir Stephen, "are you ready to settle down as a landsman? Is it agreed that you undertake the charge of my boat?"

*Joe turned the hat which he held by the brim slowly round, staring hard into the crown, with the hope of gaining an inspiration by which he might duly return his thanks; but these means not succeeding, he got redder than before with the effort to say, —

"Thank'ee sir. I ain't much of a hand at speechifying, through allays havin' bin in the carpenter's crew; but my feelin's is the same, and I am uncommon obliged to you, sir, for givin' me this chance, and so the Cap'en can tell, as has often spoke up for me before, when the wind's bin pretty stiff up above," and he rather lowered his voice as he indicated *above* to mean *Sharrows*.

"Ah!" said the Captain, "that's when you've been splicing the main brace, Joe; but we mustn't have any more of that now. You must conduct yourself as becomes a steady-going man, or you'll lose your rating with Betsey."

"Betsey!" repeated Sir Stephen. "Of course, I had forgotten all about that. Why, you want to get married, Joe?"

Joe became more sheep-faced than ever.

"Well, sir, I have bin a thinking about it."

"Thinking about it," laughed the Captain. "Why, you've been thinking about it these last twenty years."

"Yes, sir, but the difficulty is to get a female twice in the same rind. They don't answer to no helm, they don't — not as I could ever make out. P'raps you gintlemen knows how to strike the right nail on the head; but I've never bin able to hit it. If so be now," and Joe gave a sly look towards Sir Stephen, "I'd a got anybody to give me a hoist up with a wedge o' their own drivin', she'd take me straight off the reel."

"Well, we must see what can be done," laughed Sir Stephen. "I shall tell Betsey that now you have entered into my service, Joe, I must see you respectably married, and I'll ask her advice about a cottage which I think might suit you."

Joe stood speechless, then suddenly turning to Sir Stephen he said —

"You couldn't find me somethin' to do now, sir, could ye?"

"No, I am going on some other business."

"Have you got a job of any kind, Cap'en?"

The Captain shook his head.

"Well, then!" exclaimed Joe decisively, "I'll run up and ask Miss Hero to keep a eye on me; for if I stay within hail of the Admiral Nelson, I shan't be able to keep from drinkin' o' somebody's health, and once inside there, 'tain't so easy to get out again."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. PRESCOTT'S REFLECTIONS.

UNTIL dinner-time, Mrs. Prescott saw nothing of her son, and then Katherine's presence prevented their touching upon any but general topics. This was only in accordance with her desire that, until she had hedged herself in with clever evasions and discreet denials, there should be no raking up of by-gone memories between them. Her day, which, under the plea of indisposition, she had spent almost alone, had been one of alternating hope and fear — hope, that, now so much was known, the great dread would remain more completely shrouded than before; and fear, lest Sir Stephen should persist in telling Leo the existing relationship between them. By way of consolation

she indulged, as was her habit, in imagining the different things to be said and done under different circumstances; and, by hanging these events on suitable hinges, they invariably turned in the right direction, and so were productive of a certain amount of comfort. It seemed hard, that when she had almost succeeded in forgetting those years of endurance they should, all of a sudden, be brought before her as vividly as ever; and as she sat in the quiet of her room, she recounted every hardship she had undergone to keep the estate to which she had so tenaciously clung. She had given up one expense after another, had sold everything over which she had control, and had lived secluded and apart from most of those she cared for. Where would Pamphillon be had she not done this? In the hands of strangers, — and Combe the sole inheritance of the Prescotts. But was this coming to pass in spite of her? Should she yet live to see Stephen possessed of nothing but this paltry out-of-the-world estate? Ah, that would be bitterness indeed! for Combe had ever been a despised portion; and though, during the struggling years of her son's minority, she had derived from it her only certain income, it had never entered her mind to live there, nor had she considered that either the place or the people had any claim upon her for sympathy or care.

"It must have been fate which induced Stephen to come down here," she murmured; then sighing despondingly, she added, "I suppose it is ordained that I should never know peace of mind; for, whenever there is a lull, it seems but to mean that a fiercer storm is brewing, and that I am to be more tempest-tossed than before. I did think, when Katherine was given back to us again, that things would go smoothly; but, there, I suppose it is not to be." After a time she began considering how soon it would be possible for them to turn their backs on the place, "for it will be no exaggeration to say that if I stay here I shall be seriously ill, — to feel under the constant dread of what Stephen or this aunt, who had entirely slipped out of my memory, may say is more than my nerves could bear. Stephen is so odd in his notions — he takes ideas which no one else would dream of; now, instead of seeing how fortunate it was for this young man to be brought up so respectably and happily, he flies out at me each time I try to impress it upon him, and says that, seeing

his uncle evidently intended to do something for him, it should have been our care to see his wishes carried out. Poor Stephen, poor boy! ah, he can never know what I have undergone for his sake."

These and similar thoughts filled her brain and kept her on the stretch during the day and night which followed her interview with her son; nor was she the only one, whom troubled fancies made restless and disturbed throughout the weary hours. Sir Stephen did nothing but turn and return to the one subject. A hundred things seemed to combine in giving strange interest to this new revelation. That he should ever have come to the place which he had been brought up to regard as "a barren, uncultivated waste, fit for nothing but to be the home of a rough and scanty fishing population." How culpable had been his neglect of Mallett! He had taken for granted what his mother had always said, that it brought in next to nothing; and now he found that at the time of his uncle's death the best part of the estate had been mortgaged to relieve the pressing wants of Pamphillon, and since then, nothing had been done for the land or the people. From a repugnance on Sir Stephen's part to enter into matters which overwhelmed and disheartened him, he had acquired the reputation, with his agents and lawyers, of a poor man of business. This, combined with his continual absence from England, made them enter into details far more fully with Mrs. Prescott than they did with her son, and they took it for granted that Sir Stephen was by her made acquainted with everything that took place. But they, like many others, had gauged Stephen Prescott very imperfectly. His weakness arose from his knowledge, that the moment he faced an evil, he must, at any cost, set to work to remedy it; therefore, as much as it was possible, he accepted things on trust, asked few questions; and, while tormented and worried about the state of Pamphillon, felt no twittings of conscience about Mallett, whose inhabitants, when viewed by the light of Mrs. Prescott's hearsay exaggerations and Mr. Truscott's contented state of happiness, he concluded, had not reached that state of civilization in which dirt and discomfort either affect or disturb. When he began looking into the Pamphillon affairs, he decided he would at least see Mallett, and with no more definite interest had he paid that first visit, so fraught with im-

port to the whole future of his life. Had Providence decreed that he should be the scapegoat,—that while he was to be the instrument by which happiness should be effected, he should, in his own person, suffer for the sins of those who had gone before? Surely he had had his share of suffering already, for he now saw the reason of his uncle's reckless speculations,—it was to form a fortune for this son, whom, doubtless, he yearned to make his heir. "And yet," he said, "my mother, seeing this, could allow her sensitiveness to overcome her sense, and, to screen my uncle, commit an injustice to his son and to her own. I am quite ashamed to think how I hope the young fellow will choose to keep the matter still secret. I know how many would sneer over the false sentiment which kept her silent, while others would do the same at the idea of my pretended ignorance. What will Hero think of it? she, of course, must know what is the meaning of this sudden rupture between her and Despard. Am I to believe the aunt, or the father? Perhaps neither of them know the truth; she may have told him about me, and he may feel bound to release her, and neither of them may be able to speak plainly to a third person. God knows," he exclaimed, after a long pause, jumping up to occupy himself and so drown thought, "but at times I could swear that she loves me."

CHAPTER XXVIII. MUCH MYSTIFIED.

MALLET church stood at the top of St. Kit's Hill, at about an equal distance from the dwelling-place of any one of its scattered congregation. The toilsome roads leading to it were exposed, the hills were steep; yet neither the weakly nor the aged ever grumbled as Sunday after Sunday they wearily plodded along, for who among them had not some one whose heart had been, or would be, cheered by the sight of its gray old tower, which served as a beacon, and was hailed with joy and thankfulness by all good seamen? Strangers had been heard to say they wondered at a church being built up there; but this remark met with no sympathy from the Malletters, who asked, "Why, for goodness' sake, should it ha' bin put elsewhere than so that the dear blids to sea could catch sight on it, and know they was close home? Why, even the furriners could see the sense o' its placing, as was shown by the painted

winder one of 'em had put up a hundred years gone by—a great, hooge man a-carryin' a infant child on his back. Then there was a headstone, with a carved ship a-top, so far back as 1560, showin' that the church was standin' there then. There was some went so far as to say 'twas the 'rection of a Popish lady for the restin' of her son's sawl after his body was washed ashore close by. If so, many a sailor had had cause to bless her mem'ry since, and wives and mothers too, so 'twas to be hoped, any rate, her was at rest, sawl and body too."

Thus viewed, one began to forget the architectural deficiencies of the mottled, weather-stained old building, with its disproportionately high tower, up to which the people looked with loving familiarity as each Sunday morning they lingered under its shadow, waiting until the cracked tinkle of the bell should stop before they entered the church itself. The present rector, Mr. Jago, had never attained to the degree of popularity enjoyed by Mr. Despard; and the older folk, especially, were glad of any opportunity afforded for a disparaging comparison.

"Mr. Despard was as reg'lar as clock-work," said one of the old men, with a shake of the head. "Never no waitin' for he."

"No," answered Mrs. Collins, the butcher's wife; "nor no keepin' o' dinners waitin' neither. Our'n was stone cold last Sunday, through standin' in Inch's bake-house. Mr. Jago an't a-goin' to tell me he don't know the hour folks's dinners is drawn at; and 'tain't much good preachin' does anybody, when their thoughts is set upon the meat bein' dried up to a stick."

"He should keep the long-winded uns for the arternoon, missis," laughed one of the hearers.

"Ah, well, he might keep 'em to hisself, and I shouldn't be no wus pleased, for with dinners at twelve, by four yer inside's ready for yer cup o' tay; and so you'd a chance o' gettin' it in ole Mr. Despard's time, and I don't suppose anybody'll contend, but what he know'd how to do the right thing by us so well as passon Jago, who's for everlastin' at the fire and brimstone, so that it makes anybody's blood run cold. I'd so lief go down to Pethewick's, only I don't hold with meetin's, and such like—it's contrary to sense to fancy that folks as is in the grocery, any more than any other shopkeepin' line, can know so much o'

religion as gentlefolks, who've nothin' else to do. Besides, it 'ud go agin my grain to sit under one o' my own sort—not a bit of it. I likes to have my say so well as they."

This truism gave rise to a general laugh, in the midst of which the tinkle—preparatory to the five minutes' ringing, when the rector came in sight—stopped, and they all began bustling into church, where the Joslyns, Miss Despard, Hero, the Captain, and the few small farmers about, were already seated.

There was no cause of complaint against Mr. Jago on this day, for the congregation had barely seated themselves, when old Matthey Cox, the sexton, commenced pulling vigorously to announce his advent, and before the look of amazement had well left their faces, the rector, hot and flustered from his rapid pace, hurried up the aisle, followed, after a couple of minutes' interval, by Sir Stephen, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Labouchere, and Leo Despard.

This was the first Sunday that the Combe ladies had come, and the sensation they created was immense, particularly among the female portion, who gave a very divided attention to the service, at which they had come to assist.

Leo sat in the Combe pew, so that Hero had a double reason for not casting her eyes in that direction. The Captain, true to his training, concentrated his whole attention on the duty he had come to perform. So that they remained ignorant of the excitement caused by the dress of the two ladies, and the various small items they had deemed it necessary to arm themselves with. Their ivory-backed prayer-books produced a grand sensation among the Sunday-school children, which lasted until the middle of the psalms, when the whispered fact that "one of 'em was a-holdin' a bottle with a gold cork to her nawse," induced several of the least fortunately placed to heighten themselves on a long rickety stool, which suddenly tipping up, upset them, thereby causing a titter, which was followed by the unmistakable whacks of a cane falling promiscuously among the offenders, who spent the remaining term of their probation in emitting lengthened and dolorous sniffs.

At length the service came to an end, and the humbler portion of the congregation hurried outside, where they stood about with the lingering hope of getting a further look at the gentlefolks. When Sir Stephen appeared, he had a good-na-

tured word for all those near him. Mrs. Prescott, also, to please her son, smiled a gracious acknowledgment of the bobs and curtsies; but Katherine, whose temper had suffered from the atmosphere of fish and tar, the shuffling of the men, the sniffing of the children, and the general primitiveness of the whole service, had not recovered herself sufficiently to do aught else than ignore the offenders, past whom she swept without vouchsafing them a single glance. Leo, bent upon impressing his intimacy with the newcomers upon all around, walked by her side, apparently engrossed by her conversation; so that the quick wrath of all present was stirred up against them both.

"Awh, dear, who be she, I wonder," exclaimed sharp-tongued Mrs. Collins, "flinking herself along as if nobody wasn't made o' flesh and blood but she; and that young Despard, with his pridy airs, as if he——"

"Hush!" said one of the men; "there's ole Miss Despard a-comin' with Mrs. Grant," and the rest of the "gentlefolks" appearing, a general interchange of salutations took place, interlarded with inquiries as to the various absent husbands, sons, and brothers, when letters were last received from them, and what were the chances of their return or promotion.

"Why are you waiting, Stephen?" Mrs. Prescott asked. "I really don't feel equal to much standing, my dear, and I told Masters not to bring the pony up that dreadful hill again."

"I shall not detain you long, mother," said Sir Stephen, craning and peering as if he was looking for some one. "Just wait here one instant," he added, hurrying back to the church porch.

He went up to Miss Despard, and after shaking hands with her and the surrounding friends he knew, he said—

"My mother wishes to be introduced to you, Miss Despard. Will you allow me to take you to where she is standing?"

Aunt Lydia was quite fluttered.

"Mrs. Prescott is very kind," she murmured hesitatingly; "but——"

"Let me give you an arm," he said, not heeding the "but."

And before the old lady had time to recover herself, they had reached Mrs. Prescott's side.

"Mother, this is Miss Despard. I have been telling her how anxious you are to make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Prescott started; but her anxiety not to betray her confusion made her

throw a much greater degree of *empressement* into her greeting than she desired to do. Finding her beating heart seemed to choke down the words she strove to utter, she took refuge in holding both Aunt Lydia's thin little hands in hers, until, after looking into her face for an instant, she got out—

"This is a very great pleasure to me, Miss Despard, I have wanted to see you so much. If I had not been so very unwell, I should have called upon you long before this."

"Leo told me that you were very poorly," said Aunt Lydia, overwhelmed by Mrs. Prescott's cordiality, and nervously afraid lest she should not behave herself, as Leo would think, properly.

"What a pleasure for you to have your nephew with you!" Mrs. Prescott continued, vainly endeavouring to stand apart from Leo and Katherine.

"Oh, yes, he is my greatest earthly comfort," said Aunt Lydia.

"And no wonder," Mrs. Prescott answered, lowering her voice, though not able to prevent the others hearing her. "He must be a universal favorite, I am sure, so amiable and nice. We have all taken a wonderful fancy to him, I assure you."

Aunt Lydia's face grew radiant.

"I wish his dear uncle could have heard you say that," she said. "My dear brother——"

But Mrs. Prescott interrupted her by exclaiming—

"Stephen, my dear, we really must not keep Miss Despard standing. My pony carriage is at the foot of the hill, and she must return with us to luncheon. I have so much to talk to you about, Miss Despard. You will come back with me?"

Aunt Lydia looked towards Leo. If he wished it, she dared not refuse, but to accept was a terrible penance.

"Oh! I know Mr. Despard will not refuse to accompany you," Mrs. Prescott said, with her most winning smile.

And though Leo would much rather that the "dear old bit of antiquity," as he was wont to call her, had been allowed to return to her own solitary dinner, he could but say—

"Come along, Aunt Lydia, it will do you good."

"But I've no cap, you see, my dear."

"Never mind your cap," laughed Sir Stephen; "you have a bonnet."

"I left Hero so abruptly," pleaded the old lady. "She is staying at the Joslyns, you know, and I may not see her for a

week again, and I wanted to speak to her very particularly."

"Well, you cannot speak to her now," said Leo, "for the Joslyns have turned the other way. Send the message by Captain Carthew. Come, do not keep Mrs. Prescott waiting."

So urged, Aunt Lydia, very much against her inclination, gave way, and, by Mrs. Prescott's side, walked down the hill towards the carriage. Katherine and Leo strolled on in front, while Sir Stephen returned to the church to speak to Captain Carthew. He knew that, since the day when they had met in Shivers Lane, Hero had been spending the week at Winkle, but Betsey had said she was certain to be back by Sunday, and so he had felt secure in finding her with the Captain who, in virtue of being churchwarden, always stayed behind, to distribute certain small weekly payments left to seamen's widows.

He was vexed beyond measure that she should have gone away with no other greeting than the general one he had bestowed upon the Joslyns, the Randalls, and the Thomsons. Only once during the service had their eyes met, and then, on looking up suddenly, Hero had found his fixed upon her, and something in the expression of her face, as she hastily averted it, had made his heart beat quickly and hopefully.

"I am so vexed," he could not help saying to the Captain, "that I have missed speaking to Miss Carthew. I had no idea she intended to return to Winkle."

"She was to have come home with me yesterday; but when I went for her Mrs. Joslyn asked me to let her stay a little longer. She says Hero isn't well, and wants looking after, and the child herself seemed inclined to stay, so I told them to keep her by all means; for I knew, if she felt the thing, she would not have wanted to stay away from home."

"I hope you told her that I had been down two or three times to see if she was at home?" asked Sir Stephen.

"No, upon my honour, I forgot all about you!" laughed the old man, frankly; "and she was so taken up with not coming back, that she never asked a word—a wonderful thing for her, for she's generally full of questions about what you're doing, and so on." Then, turning to the subject uppermost in his mind, he began speaking of Aunt Lydia's introduction to Mrs. Prescott.

Hero's name was not again mentioned. Sir Stephen, however, determined that

he would get his mother to write an invitation for her and Alice, and this would be a fair excuse for paying a call at Winkle the next day. He was as much mystified as ever by Leo's conduct. Surely, unless he had purposely determined that Hero should believe his giving her up to be little or no sacrifice to him, he would not come to Combe so often as he had done during the past week. Certainly there was nothing more in his attentions to Katherine than the admiration a beautiful woman invariably calls forth from a young man, more particularly if her position renders any warmer interest between them improbable, if not impossible. Still, Hero was not to know all this, and she might very reasonably feel jealous. If he could see them together, he should be able to judge better; and, apart from all this, in spite of the efforts he made to overcome it, every now and then his love threatened to conquer him. Suspense was so hard to bear, and yet how could he feel certain that these two, while seemingly divided, really loved each other truly?

Such thoughts filled his mind as he walked home after leaving the Captain. He was told by Katherine, with a puzzled look, that her aunt had carried off Miss Despard to her own room, and that neither of them had been seen since.

"Oh, they will come down when the bell rings," said Sir Stephen.

And so they did; but only to retire again as soon as luncheon was over.

A little time after Sir Stephen vanished; and, to Katherine's increased amazement when her curiosity prompted her to see after them, she left Leo, and went to her aunt's little morning room, she found them all talking earnestly upon some subject, which was evidently changed directly she made her appearance.

It was very odd in her aunt and cousin, to strike up such a sudden friendship with this old person, who really had nothing, that she could see, to interest any one in her. What did it mean?

During her absence, Leo's thoughts were busy as her own. There was but one reading, that he could see, to this sudden cordiality displayed towards him by Sir Stephen and his mother—a cordiality to be now extended towards his supposed aunt—they must have noticed, or Mrs. Labouchere must have said, something which led them to believe that she regarded him with more than ordinary interest. Yes, he believed

the game was in his own hands. If not, why should they act thus? All the talk about Uncle Antony being a friend did not deceive him. If that were true, it was very odd that Aunt Lydia knew nothing of this intimacy. He believed that the key of it all was Mrs. Labouchere, and a gnawing pain at his heart made him say, with a feeling of bitterness, "It was to be—there is a fate in these things." If he could but deaden his love for Hero, happiness seemed within his grasp; but, the further away she was from him, the greater struggle it was to give her up.

"Either way, I shall regret it," he sighed. "If such a thing were to happen, and Hero were put out of my reach forever, I should only love her fifty times more than I do now; and if I make it straight with Hero, and let this opportunity slip through my own fault, I shall never cease from thinking what a fool I've been. And so any man would be who threw away such a chance. What is that about 'a tide in the affairs of man'?—only one is often disposed to steer against it. Poor Hero! she will think I have forgotten her. Ah, if I could but make her know that I love her more than ever I did—that if I were a duke to-morrow I'd rather marry her than any girl living. I wonder what she thinks of me by this time?"

Judging by what had that morning met her eyes when she cast a look at the group, in the centre of which stood the two men who had played so prominent a part in her life, Hero felt she had forfeited her happiness, and entirely separated herself from their thoughts and feelings. Somehow she was much more angry at Sir Stephen's forgetfulness of her, than at Leo's apparent indifference, and it needed all her self-command to listen smilingly when old Mr. Jamieson whispered confidentially,—

"Why, Hero, how is it neither of the beaux is at your side? Come, now, don't be too trusting, remember,—

When a widow's in your string
'Tis quite another thing.

You have my full consent to throwing the soldier overboard if Sir Stephen's made fast. Don't shake your head now," he added, as Hero turned away, "it's of no use waiting for me, and I shan't so much mind being thrown over, if you're to be my lady."

"My lady," thought Hero, as she resigned herself to two young Joslyns, be-

tween whom she had promised to walk back to Winkle, "I dare say many would have thought of that, but I didn't. It only seemed to me that what I was doing was right, and yet everything has gone wrong; now they appear to have quite forgotten me."

Poor Hero! many bitter tears had fallen from her eyes during the past week, more especially since her father had been to Winkle, and had left without saying a word of Sir Stephen, who, she quite expected to hear, had called at Sharrows to inquire after her; and not having done that, surely it would have been no such great thing if he had given her that morning more than a share in the general greeting. "He never really loved me," cried her aching heart, and this cry went on repeating itself all through the day; and at night the waves lapping against the rocks, and washing the sands, in sight of which she had listened to his vows, echoed the same sad dirge, and in the intensity of this new pain Leo was entirely forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SUDDEN FRIENDSHIPS."

LEO was a little surprised at the small amount of astonishment expressed by Aunt Lydia, respecting Mrs. Prescott's sudden cordiality; "but there," he thought, "if the queen sent for her as being my aunt, the poor old soul would only look upon it as an uncommon display of sense on her Majesty's part," and feeling tenderly disposed towards such an amiable weakness, he said the next morning, as they sat together,—

"And so you liked Mrs. Prescott, Aunt Lydia?"

"Very much indeed, my dear."

"What on earth were you talking about all the time you were away from Mrs. Labouchere and me?"

"Oh! of all sorts of things," said Aunt Lydia, longing to tell him the happiness that was in store for him, and yet anxious to obey Sir Stephen's desire for present silence, "they did not seem inclined to stir from where we were sitting, and I was as comfortable there as in the garden, indeed more so, for though I had my bonnet on, I felt the wind rather chilly."

"Did they say anything about me?" he asked carelessly.

"My dear, if you had been Sir Stephen's own brother, he could not have said more; and as for Mrs. Pres-

cott, well, I very nearly began to feel jealous; you've found friends who can appreciate you in them, and who can help you on too."

"Why, did they give any hint of the kind?"

Aunt Lydia hesitated—what should she say so as to keep within the bounds of truth without enlightening Leo.

"Come," said Leo, "I can see something was said."

"Now Leo, my dear, promise. Well, my dear, I really do not know that I am at all justified in repeating it, as, after all, it may not have meant anything, but certainly—when the conversation turned upon marriage, and I happened to say that until you got your promotion you could not think of getting married—Sir Stephen *did* say it would be a great pity that that should stand in your way; and he added, rather pointedly it seemed to me, that he dare say when the time came you'd find the money was ready."

How was I to find the money ready?" Leo asked in a sharp voice.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure, unless he could have had any thought about advancing it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Leo exclaimed, "what on earth should make him provide it? How could such a thought enter your head?"

"Well, my dear, only because they seem to have taken such a wonderful fancy to you, that it seems to me as if nothing was improbable; they talk about you, and take quite the same interest in your affairs, as if you were a relation."

"Perhaps I may turn into one some of these fine days," said Leo, laughing, while Aunt Lydia seized with horror, lest she had betrayed Sir Stephen, suddenly discovered that she wanted to say something very particular to Fanny before she went into the village.

During her absence Leo turned over in his mind what she had repeated. Not having heard anything of Sir Stephen's former visit, he naturally concluded that this conversation had taken place on the previous day. Could he in any way accept his aunt's suggestion? It was highly improbable, yet what should make them speak about his marrying? What were his affairs to such people as they? Then, if his suspicions were correct, came the question of motive for it. He was far too well acquainted with the world to imagine that, unless Sir Stephen had some potent reasons for so doing, he could be anxious to further the marriage

of his cousin to a penniless stranger. Yet what could the motive possibly be? Leo was sadly perplexed how to take it. Could he be deceived altogether? he asked himself. Forewarned of Mrs. Labouchere's refusal to allow herself to be drawn into any species of flirtation, he had been most cautious to savor all his attentions with a homage to which the most fastidious could not object, and Katherine noticing this, piqued by Sir Stephen's continued indifference, and thrown most unusually on her own resources, had vouchsafed to him a more than ordinary share of favor. Still there was nothing in all this to warrant Leo's hopes, and until this meeting and conversation with Aunt Lydia, he was in reality more doubtful of success than he liked to own. Nothing is more easy than for a vain egotistical man to connect the every speech and action of others with himself, and by constantly brooding on one subject to imbue it with the rose-color or gray of his own temperament. In the few minutes which elapsed before Aunt Lydia's return, Leo had made the offer, had been accepted, and, with his wife's fortune placed at his disposal, was in the position which he had so often envied.

"Was nothing more said?" he asked as Aunt Lydia seated herself.

"No," replied the old lady, with a twinge of conscience, "I think some one interrupted us."

"Oh! what did you think of Mrs. Labouchere? how did you like her?"

"Well, as far as liking — no — not so much as the others; but she's very beautiful, no doubt — queenly one might almost say — dear, dear, when she came over and stood by my side, I couldn't but think of the oak and the bramble."

Leo smiled.

"She is very much admired," he said, "and no wonder, for she has a heap of money and two estates."

"So Mrs. Prescott told me; she seems very fond of her, in fact, she said that next to her son's happiness came her niece's, and if she could but see her united to some one she could give her heart to, she should be happy."

"She would not have Sir Stephen — he wanted to marry her."

"Well, you surprise me," exclaimed Aunt Lydia. "I thought she was alluding to something between them when she spoke as she did, particularly when she hinted at not knowing what might result from this visit to Combe. Certainly there

was nothing in their behaviour; but these young people are often so contrary to one another that there's no knowing what they mean. — You haven't seen anything of Hero lately, I suppose?" she added, after a pause.

"How should I see her when she's at Winkle?" Leo answered pettishly. "I hate that old Joslyn; he's a worse fogie than old Carthew, always on his hind legs about things he knows nothing about, just because his father happened to be a major."

"Ah, my dear, you'll be old yourself, you know, one of these days."

"Perhaps I shall; but I shan't make a fool of myself, as most of the old fellows about here do;" and he rose from the table, and an end was put to the conversation. Miss Lydia sighed as Leo left her with the announcement that he was going to Dockmouth, and should not be back until late. She could not help feeling angry with Hero for going to Winkle; it showed temper, she thought, on Hero's part, because she knew that Leo could never be induced to go to the Joslyns; they were not favourites with him. "If she had but stayed at home now," said the old lady, "all would be right by this time, and she would know the happiness that is in store for them, for I know I could trust Hero, and I should not have said more to her than that Sir Stephen intended doing this out of friendship. Ah! how true it is, as Mrs. Prescott said yesterday, that 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.'"

That same morning at breakfast Sir Stephen said —

"Mother, I want you to ask Miss Carthew and Miss Joslyn to spend to-morrow or Wednesday here."

"What, again?" answered Mrs. Prescott.

"Again! why, they have only been here once. You forget that I stayed a week and more at Sharrows, and, that, though quite a stranger to them, they made me as much at home as if they had known me all my life."

"Your man could not imagine what made you stay there," said Katherine languidly, without looking up from the letter in which she had seemed engaged. "He gave Hobson a most amusing account of the *ménage*."

"Did he?" Sir Stephen said in a tone which made Mrs. Prescott put in —

"Oh! I dare say he meant no harm. You may be sure if Fenton was at all uncomfortable, nothing would be right in

his eyes. I'm sure I think them very nice people, and if Miss Carthew thinks it worth her while to come, I shall be very glad to see her."

"What do you mean 'if she thinks it worth her while to come'?" Sir Stephen asked, his annoyance anything but cured.

"Why, my dear, I suppose she did not the last time I asked her, for I cannot see why, if she was well enough to go out at all, she could not come here."

"I should have thought that I gave you quite sufficient explanation, and she called here the next day."

"Ah, I was out."

"She was not to know that."

"Of course not. My dear Stephen, how you are arguing about nothing at all! I tell you that I shall be very pleased to see Miss Carthew. What more can I do?"

"Give a more gracious assent, mother, to a thing which you see I am anxious you should do, and not, as is invariably the case when I mention the Carthews, raise objections."

Mrs. Prescott looked piteously at Katherine, who said, in the measured, cold manner she adopted when much annoyed,—

"I am sorry that I should have spoken at all on the matter; but these surprisingly sudden friendships are so new to me, that I must be excused for forgetting that people of such recent date are more than mere acquaintances."

The words were scarcely spoken when the servant announced Mr. Despard, and, with many apologies for such an early visit, Leo said, "that just as he got down to the Hard he remembered, that Mrs. Labouchere had mentioned something about wanting some silk; so he had run up to say he was going to Dockmouth, and might he be allowed to get it for her?"

"But you have not come up all that distance on my account, surely?" said Katherine.

"Oh, it is only a matter of ten minutes, and I deserve the walk for being so stupid. I knew there was something I wanted to remember, and I do believe I thought over every word that you had said except the silk, and then all at once it struck me, and here I am for my orders."

A shadow of annoyance seemed to pass over Sir Stephen's face, which served as an inducement for Katherine to be particularly gracious to Leo. He shall see, she thought, that I can form friendships

as sudden and unexpected as his own. At another time she would most probably have noticed that there was a little difference in Leo's manner towards her, a certain air of assured confidence, an unnecessary lowering of his voice when saying the complimentary nothings which all might have heard; but just now she was too much occupied in vexing her cousin to give Leo a thought, and when he at length took his leave, she would have stoutly denied, that anything in her behaviour could have given confirmation to the fallacious hopes, in which the mistaken young man was indulging.

"I will write the note to Miss Carthew, Stephen, if you will come for it to my room, when you are ready."

And about an hour after this Sir Stephen went to the pretty little morning-room, which he had had fitted up for his mother's use.

"I have named Wednesday," Mrs. Prescott said, holding the note towards her son. "I thought we might as well have Mr. Despard, and any one else you may want to ask."

"Yes, by the way, mother, I have something to say to you respecting this young Despard;" and he got up and shut the door, which he had left standing open.

Mrs. Prescott winced at these words; but she quickly recovered; her fears were gradually melting away, and since her confidential chat with Aunt Lydia, she had felt a more than complete return of her old security.

"Have you spoken to Katherine yet?"

"To Katherine?" Mrs. Prescott echoed, with apparent astonishment.

"Yes, of course, you will tell her who Mr. Despard is, and the sooner she knows the better. She may feel very much annoyed that she has been ignorantly allowed to form any intimacy with him."

"I don't see that at all; and as to telling Katherine, we have not positively decided that the young man himself is to be told. I should not think of such a thing, Stephen."

"Now, mother, do not wilfully ignore things. Once for all, understand that it is my intention—and no arguments will divert me from this—to tell him as soon as I have got the money."

"What money?"—for Aunt Lydia had been too delicate to refer to Sir Stephen's offer of assistance. It might seem like binding him, she had thought.

"Did not Miss Despard tell you that I intend advancing the money for his next step?"

"You advance the money! How,

Stephen, I thought you were so pressed just now?"

"I am at present," Sir Stephen said quietly; "but I shall be able to manage it, I hope, before another month is out."

Mrs. Prescott's face turned crimson, and then white, as she said with a gasp to cover her emotion—

"Is this keeping your promise? You gave me your word that nothing should be done until we returned to town."

"No, I did not, mother. I gave you my word, that nothing should be done until I was fully persuaded, that I could settle down contentedly at Combe. Besides which, you seem to forget that things have greatly altered in my eyes, since I have been made aware of this young man's existence; and at any sacrifice I should think it right to do something for him. In my present condition, I need not tell you, that is impossible."

"You could raise the purchase-money."

"Perhaps I could, but I am sick of raising—putting money in with one hand for the sake of taking it out with the other. Thank God, I shall soon have no more occasion for that; so now, let us return to the subject we started with. I wish you to take the first opportunity of telling Katherine."

"Stephen, you are cruel to me, very cruel and hard-hearted. It is only for me to express a strong wish, and you at once thwart it. You treat me as if I were a child."

"Mother!"

"It is true. How do you regard my wishes about Pamphillon—about keeping the fact of his birth from this young man, even about keeping it from your cousin? It is my particular desire that no word of this should be mentioned to Katherine."

"From what motive? Only give me a reason for your wishes."

Mrs. Prescott was silent for a few moments.

"Katherine has always believed that I told her everything, and there is no need for her being undeceived."

"You think she might feel the shock as acutely as I do," said Sir Stephen bitterly.

"Katherine has a very curious temper, Stephen. I had my reasons for being silent, but people do not always see things in the same light."

"I fear very much you will find it a hard matter, to get any one to see things in the distorted way you saw them. Mother, you little think that you laid yourself open to the gravest accusations

—so much so that I intend, when I go to town, to make Holmes sift the matter thoroughly for me, and bring together every scrap of information. When I tell this young man, no vagueness or doubts shall be left upon his mind. Everything which can be found out shall be there in black and white to satisfy him."

"Stephen!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, but though she strove to say more, the words would not come.

Sir Stephen looked at her for a moment intently. It was evident that she was suffering from some great agitation. "Could it be?—no, impossible!" But true to his character, the doubt which had sprung up within him must be at once set at rest.

"Mother," he said, "what is in your mind?—do not again deceive me; tell me, is there anything more I ought to know?"

She shook her head, and he stood silent for a moment.

"Then, except that because it has been so long a secret, you still wish it to remain one, you know of no reason why all the world should not know the truth."

Making a violent effort to steady herself, Mrs. Prescott said—

"Certainly not. Go to Holmes, or to any one you choose. Seek and search as much as you like. You will learn nothing more than I have told you."

Sir Stephen drew his breath more freely.

"I do not desire," he said, "that any more of these unhappy discussions should take place between us, mother. Therefore, let us say now whatever there is to say."

"I can have nothing to say where I find every remark I make questioned, and every wish I express thwarted."

Feeling it better not to notice her petulance, Sir Stephen asked—

"Will you tell Katherine, or shall I?"

"Of course you will do whatever pleases you. I distinctly refuse to speak to my niece on a subject which neither concerns nor interests her; and another thing is, I do not intend to remain here. The perpetual worry I have to endure is more than I can bear up against; therefore, I shall return to my own house, as, if you are determined upon living in this desolate, uncivilized place, the sooner I get accustomed to be separated from you the better."

Sir Stephen did not answer. He stood for an instant irresolute, then seeing his mother was looking fixedly away from him, he walked out of the room.

From The Contemporary Review.
OLD CONTINENTS.

FOR many years the stratified formations in general were described in manuals of geology as of marine origin, with the exception perhaps of part of the Coal-measures, and more unequivocally of the Purbeck and Wealden beds, and the freshwater strata of parts of the Eocene and Miocene series. Even now the Old Red Sandstone, as distinct from the marine Devonian rocks, is only occasionally and hesitatingly allowed to have a freshwater origin, in spite of the statement made by Mr. Godwin-Austen long ago, that it was deposited in lakes.

My present object is to prove that, in the British Islands, all the great formations of a red colour, and which are partly of Palaeozoic, and partly of Mesozoic or Secondary age, were deposited in large inland lakes, fresh or salt, and if this can be established, then there was a long continental epoch in this part of the world comparable to, and as important in a physical point of view as any of the great continents of the pre-ent day.

The Upper Silurian rocks of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire and South Wales, are succeeded immediately by the Old Red Sandstone series, and there is no unconformity between them.

The teeming life of the Upper Silurian seas in what is now Wales and the adjoining counties, continued in full force right up to the narrow belt of passage-beds which marks the change from Silurian brown muddy sands into lower Old Red Sandstone. In these transition beds on the contrary, genera, species, and often individuals are few in number and sometimes dwarfed in size, the marine life rapidly dwindles away, and in the very uppermost Silurian beds land-plants appear, consisting of small pieces of undetermined twigs and the spore-cases of *Lycopodiaceæ* (*Pachytheca spherica*). Above this horizon the strata become red.

The poverty in number and the frequent small size of the shells in the passage-beds, indicate a change of conditions in the nature of the waters in which they lived; and the plants alluded to clearly point to the close neighbourhood of a land, of which we have no direct signs, in the vast development of a purely marine fauna in lower portions of the Ludlow strata. In the Ludlow bone-beds the fish-remains, *Oncus* and *Sphagodus*, and the large numbers of marine Crustacea, almost entirely trilobitic in the

Ludlow rocks, indicate a set of conditions very unlike those that prevailed when the passage-beds and the lower strata of the true Old Red Sandstone were deposited, in both of which new fish appear, trilobites are altogether absent, and are more or less replaced by Crustacea of the genera *Pterygotus* and *Eurypterus*, one of which, *Eurypterus Symondsii*, has only been found in the lower Old Red Sandstone. Neither are there any mollusca in the Old Red Sandstone, excepting where that formation passes at the top into the Carboniferous rocks. All these circumstances indicate changes of conditions which were, I believe, of a geographical kind, and connected with the appearance in the area of fresh water.

The circumstances which marked the passage of the uppermost Silurian rocks into Old Red Sandstone seem to me to have been the following;—First a shallowing of the sea, followed by a gradual alteration in the physical geography of the district, so that the area became changed into a series of mingled fresh and brackish lagoons, which finally, by continued terrestrial changes, were converted into a great freshwater lake, or, if we take the whole of Britain and areas now sea-covered beyond, into a series of lakes. The occurrence of a few genera or even species of fish and Crustacea common to the salt, brackish, or fresh waters, does not prove that the passage-beds and those still higher are truly marine. At the present day animals commonly supposed to be essentially marine, are occasionally found inhabiting fresh water. In the inland fresh lakes of Newfoundland, seals, which never visit the sea, are common and breed freely. The same is the case in Lake Baikal, 1280 feet above the sea-level, in Central Asia; and though these facts bear but slightly on my present subject, seals being air-breathing Mammalia, yet in the broad mouth of the Amazon, far above the tidal influx of sea-water, marine mollusca and other kinds of life are found, and in some of the lakes in Sweden there are marine Crustacea. This may be easily accounted for in the same way that I now attempt to account for analogous peculiarities in the Old Red Sandstone. These Swedish lakes were submerged during the Glacial period, and remained as deep basins while the land was emerging, and after its final emergence, the salt waters of the lakes freshened so slowly, that some of the creatures

inhabiting them had time by degrees to adjust themselves to new and abnormal conditions.

In further illustration of the subject let us suppose a set of circumstances such as the following:—By long-continued upheaval of the mouth of the Baltic (a process now going on), its waters, already brackish in the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, would eventually become fresh, and true lacustrine strata over that area would succeed and blend into the marine and brackish water beds of earlier date. Something of this kind I conceive to have marked the transition from the Upper Silurian beds into the Old Red Sandstone. Again:—If by changes in the physical geography of the area, of a continental kind, a portion of the Silurian sea got isolated from the main ocean, more or less like the Caspian and the Black Sea, then the ordinary marine conditions of the "passage-beds," accompanied by some of the life of the period, might be maintained for what, in common language, seems to us a long time. There is geological proof that the Black Sea was once united to the Caspian, the two forming one great brackish lake. Since they were disunited and the Bosphorus opened, the Black Sea has, it may be inferred, been steadily freshening; and it is easy to conceive that by the re-closing of the Bosphorus (a comparatively small geographical change), it might in the course of time again be converted into a fresh lake. At present a great body of salt water is constantly being poured out through the Bosphorus and its place taken by the fresh waters of the Danube and other rivers, while owing to the uncongenial quality of the freshening sea some of the Black Sea shells are strangely distorted, as was shown by Edward Forbes. **

Or if we take the Caspian alone as an example, there we have a brackish inland sea which was once joined to the ocean, as proved by its molluscan fauna. Changes in physical geography have taken place of such a kind that the Caspian is now separated from the ocean, while its waters, gradually growing saltier by evaporation, are still inhabited by a poor and dwarfed marine molluscan fauna. If by increase of rainfall the Caspian became freshened, evaporation not being equal to the supply of water poured in by rivers, it would by and by, after reaching the point of overflow, be converted into a great freshwater lake larger in extent than the whole area of Great Britain.

Under these circumstances, in the Caspian area we should have a passage more or less gradual from marine to freshwater conditions, such as I conceive to have marked the advent of the Old Red Sandstone.

The total absence of marine shells, and the nature of the fossil fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, also help to prove its freshwater origin, for we find the nearest living analogues of the fishes in the *Polypterus* of the rivers of Africa, the *Ceratodus* of Australia, and in less degree in the *Lepidosteus* of North America. In the upper beds of the formation there is distinct proof of fresh water, in shells of the genus *Anodonta* mingled with ferns and other land-plants.

One other sign of the *inland* character of these waters remains to be mentioned—I mean the red colour of their strata. As a general rule all the great ocean formations, such as the Silurian, Carboniferous Limestone and Jurassic series, are grey, blue, brown, yellow, or of some such colour. The marls and sandstones of the Old Red series are red because each grain of sand or mud is encrusted with a thin pellicle of peroxide of iron. When this colouring matter is discharged the rock becomes white, and the iron that induces the strong red colour in the New Red Marl which much resembles that of the Old Red series, is found to be, under two per cent. of the whole. I cannot conceive how peroxide of iron could have been deposited from solution in a wide and deep sea by any possible process, but if carbonate of iron were carried in solution into lakes, it might have been deposited as a peroxide through the oxidizing action of the air and the escape of the carbonic acid that held it in solution. It is well known that ferruginous mud and ores of iron are deposited in the lakes of Sweden at the present day. These are periodically dredged for economic purposes by the proprietors till the layer is exhausted, and after a sufficient interval they renew their dredging operations and new deposits are found. With a difference the case is somewhat analogous to the deposition of peroxide of iron that took place in the Old Red Sandstone waters. It is obvious that common pink mud might have been formed from the mechanical waste of red granite, gneiss, or other red rocks in which pink feldspars are found, but such feldspars are tinted all through with the colouring matter, and such a tint is very different from the deep red

colour that was produced by the encasing of each individual grain of sediment with a thin pellicle of peroxide of iron.

The proof that the Old Red Sandstone was deposited in inland lakes, is strengthened by a similar case in well-known ancient inland sheets of water, as shown by the red marls of the Miocene lakes of Central France.

It is known that in Ireland and in Scotland the Old Red Sandstone consists of two divisions, upper and lower, the upper division lying quite unconformably on the lower. In South Wales there are symptoms of the same kind of unconformity, for the upper beds of the Old Red Sandstone gradually overlap the lower strata. But on consideration this last circumstance does not appear to present any real difficulty with regard to the physical conditions of the period. If the great hollow in which the Dead Sea lies were gradually to get filled with fresh water and silted up, 1300 feet of strata might be added above the level of the present surface of the water, without taking into account the depth of the sea and the deposits that have already been formed; and the upper strata all round would overlap the lower, apparently much as the Old Red Sandstone strata do in Wales and the adjoining counties. If the Caspian and other parts of the Asiatic area of inland drainage got filled with water, the same general results would follow.

Neither does the decided unconformity between the Upper and Lower Old Red Sandstones both in Ireland and in Scotland present any insuperable difficulty as to the freshwater origin of the strata. It indicates only great disturbance and denudation, and a long lapse of geological time unrepresented by strata between the disturbance and denudation of the older beds and the deposition of the newer. Here also we have a parallel case in times comparatively recent, for the freshwater Miocene strata of Switzerland and the adjacent countries have been exceedingly disturbed, heaved up into mountains, and subjected to great denudation, while at a much later geological date—that of to-day—we have all the large freshwater lakes that diversify the country north of the Alps in the same general area.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the well-known continental aspect of a large part of the Carboniferous strata which succeed the Old Red Sandstone, especially of the Coal-measures, which in the north

of England and in Scotland are not confined to the upper parts of the series, but reach down among strata which elsewhere are only represented by the marine beds of the Carboniferous Limestone. The soils (under-clays), forests, and peat-mosses of the period, now beds of coal; the sun cracks, rain-pittings, bones, and foot-prints of Labyrinthodont Amphibia on mud now hardened into shale; the estuarine and freshwater shells—all point to vast marshes and great deltoid deposits, formed in a country which underwent many changes in its physical geography, and yet retained its identity throughout.

I will now discuss the conditions under which the British Permian strata were deposited. These rocks in their general characters very much resemble the Rothliegende, Kupferschiefer or Marl-slate, and Zechstein of the Thuringerwald and other parts of Germany, with this difference, that where the English Magnesian Limestone (Zechstein) is in force between Tynemouth and Nottingham, there are no red sandstones, marls, and conglomerates (Rothliegende), between the limestone and the Coal-measures, and in all the other parts of Britain where the red sandstones, &c., occur, there is only in two instances a little magnesian limestone lying, not at the top, but in the midst of, or interstratified with, the sandy and marly series.

The Permian marls, sandstones, conglomerates, and subangular breccias of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, North Wales, the Vale of Eden, and the South of Scotland, are all red, and in fact I nowhere recollect any important gray, yellow, or brown shales and sandstones among them. It is, however, foreign to my present purpose to discuss minor stratigraphical details, or any questions connected with English and Continental equivalent geological horizons of Permian age, nor is it necessary to do more than allude to the disturbances and denudations which preceded the unconformable deposition of our Permian strata, on all or any of the Palaeozoic formations of earlier date. It is enough if I am able to show good reason for my belief that *all* of our Permian strata were deposited, not in the sea, but in the inland waters of lakes, which were probably mostly salt, but may possibly sometimes have been fresh or brackish.

As with the red strata of the Old Red Sandstone, so I consider that the red colouring-matter of the Permian sandstones

and marls, is due to the precipitation of peroxide of iron in a lake or lakes, in the manner already stated, and the nearly total absence of sea-shells in by far the largest part of the areas occupied by the strata coloured red, strongly points to this conclusion. There is other evidence bearing upon the question. The British plants of Permian age were mostly of genera common in the Coal-measures, though of different species. Among them there are *Calamites*, and *Lepidodendron*, *Walchia*, *Chondrites*, *Ulmia*, *Cardiocarpon*, *Alethopteris*, *Sphenopteris*, *Neuropteris*, and many fragments of undetermined coniferous wood. This, however, forms no perfectly conclusive proof of the lacustrine origin of the strata, though it is not unlikely that land-plants, drifted by rivers, should have been water-logged and buried in the sediments of lakes.

The evidence derived from Reptilian remains, more strongly points in the same direction. First we have the Labyrinthodont Amphibian, *Dasyceps Bucklandi*, from the Permian sandstones near Kenilworth; next the footprints mentioned by Professor Harkness in the red sandstones of the Vale of Eden; and again, the numerous footprints in the sandstones of Corncockle Moor, in Dumfriesshire, long ago described by Sir William Jardine. All of these prints indicate that the Amphibia were accustomed to walk on damp surfaces of sand or mud open to the air, and the impressions left by their feet were afterwards dried in the sun, before the waters flooded anew, overspread them with layers of sediment, in a manner that now annually takes place during the variations of the seasons on the broad flats of the Great Salt Lake of Utah and in other salt lakes. The occurrence of pseudomorphs of crystals of salt in the Permian beds of the Vale of Eden also helps to this conclusion, together with ripple-marks, sun-cracks, and rain-pittings impressed on the beds. Crystals of common salt were not likely to have been deposited in an open sea, for to form such crystals, concentration of chloride of sodium by evaporation is necessary. Deposits of gypsum, common in the Permian marls, could also only have been formed in inland waters by concentration, or on occasional surfaces of mud exposed to the sun and air, for no reasonable explanation can be offered of a process by means of which sulphate of lime can be deposited amid common mechanical sediments at the bottom of an open sea.

The question now arises how to account

for the formation of the bands of magnesian limestone, sparingly intermingled with the red marls and sandstones of Lancashire and the Vale of Eden, and of that more important limestone district in the eastern half of the North of England, forming a long escarpment between Tyne-mouth and Nottingham. In these we have a true but restricted marine fauna, intermingled, however, with the relics of Amphibian and terrestrial life.

Let us broadly compare the marine life of the preceding epoch, that of the Carboniferous Limestone series, with the fossils of the Magnesian Limestone. The marine fauna of the Carboniferous Limestone of Britain contains about 1500 species, most of which are mollusca (869), corals (124), echinodermata, crustacea (149), and fish (203). The Permian fauna feebly resembles that of the Carboniferous epoch, but instead of the vast assemblage of many kinds of life found in the latter, the Magnesian Limestone of England only holds nine genera and 21 species of Brachiopoda, 16 genera and 31 species of Lamellibranchiata, 11 genera and 26 species of Gasteropoda, one Pteropod (*Theca*), and one Cephalopod (*Nautilus*). The whole comprises only 38 genera and 80 species, and all of these are dwarfed in size when compared with their Carboniferous congeners when such there are.

I cannot easily account for this poverty of numbers and dwarfing of the forms, except on the hypothesis that the waters in which they lived were uncongenial to a true ocean fauna; and in this respect the general assemblage may be compared to the still more restricted marine faunas of the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Aral, or rather to that, a little more numerous and partly fossil, of the great Aralo-Caspian area of inland drainage, at a time when these inland brackish lakes formed part of a much larger body of water. Some of the fish of the Marl-slate have strong generic affinities with those of Carboniferous age, a number of which undoubtedly penetrated into the shallow estuarine lakes and salt lagoons of that period. Associated with the Permian mollusca we find the Labyrinthodont Amphibian, *Lepidotosaurus Duffii*, together with *Proterosaurus Speneri* and *P. Huxleyi*, both of which were true Lacertilian land reptiles.

Besides the poverty of species and the small size of the Mollusca of the true Magnesian Limestone, the chemical composition of these strata seems to afford strong hints that they were formed in an inland salt lake, the sediments of which

were partly deposited through the effect of solar evaporation. Broadly stated, the rock may be said to consist of a mixture of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia in proportions more or less equal, mingled with a little silicious sand mechanically deposited. The solid dolomite still contains "about one-fifth per cent. of salts soluble in water, consisting of chlorides of sodium, magnesium, potassium and calcium, and sulphate of lime. These must have been produced at the same time as the dolomite, and caught in some of the solution then present, which is thus indicated to have been of a briny character" (Sorby). But instead of such deposits having been formed in open sea water, I submit that this evidence, joined to the facts previously stated, leads me to believe that our Permian dolomite was formed in an inland salt lake, in which carbonates of lime and magnesia might have been deposited simultaneously. This deposition was chiefly the result of concentration of solutions caused by evaporation, the presence of carbonate of lime in the rock being partly due to organic agency, or the life and death of the molluscs that inhabit the waters. I cannot understand how deposits of carbonate of magnesia could have taken place in an open sea, where necessarily lime and magnesia only exist in solution in very small quantities in a vast bulk of water. In the open sea, indeed, the formation of all beds of limestone is produced simply by the secretion of carbonate of lime effected by molluscs, corals, and other organic agents, and I know of no animal that uses carbonate of magnesia to make its bones.

The very lithological character of some of the strata helps to lead to the same conclusion, for when weathered, they are seen to consist of a number of thin layers curiously bent and convoluted, and approximately fitted into each other, like sheets of paper crumpled together, conveying the impression that they are somewhat tufaceous in character, or almost stalagmitic, if it be possible to suppose such deposits being formed under water. The curious concretionary and radiating structures common in the limestone are probably also connected with the chemical deposition of the sediments.

The same kind of arguments apply to the magnesian limestones of Lancashire and the Vale of Eden, and the miserable marine fauna in some of these beds also indicates inland *unhealthy waters*, while the

deposits of bedded gypsum so common in the marls of the series show that the latter could not have been deposited in the sea.

Taking all these circumstances into account, the poverty of the marine fauna, the terrestrial lizards, the Amphibia, and the land-plants, I cannot resist the conclusion that the Permian rocks of England were deposited in a lake or in a series of great inland continental lakes, brackish or salt, and if this be true it will equally apply to some other regions of Europe.

The strata that succeed the Permian formations in the geological scale, are those included in the word Trias, on the Continent of Europe. These consist of three subdivisions: first and lowest, the Bunter sandstone; second, the Muschelkalk; and third, the Keuper marl, or *Marnes irisées*. The Bunter sandstone on the Continent consists chiefly of red sandstones, with interstratified beds of red marl and thin bands of limestone, sometimes magnesian. These form the *Grès bigarré* of France. In these strata near Strasburg about thirty species of land-plants are known, chiefly ferns, Calamites, Cycads, and Coniferae, and with them remains of fish are found and Labyrinthodont Amphibia. In the same series there occur Lamellibranchiate marine mollusca of the genera Trigonia, Mya, Mytilus, and Posidonia, so few in number that they suggest the idea, not of the sea, but of an inland salt lake, especially when taken in connection with the Labyrinthodont Amphibia and the terrestrial plants.

The Muschelkalk, next in the series, is essentially marine. A partial submergence took place, and a large and varied fauna of Mesozoic type occupied the area previously covered by the lake deposits of the Bunter sandstone.

Above this comes the Keuper series, with Gypsum and dolomite, land-plants, fish, and Labyrinthodont remains, and a few genera and species of marine shells, again suggesting the idea of a set of conditions very different from those that prevailed when the Muschelkalk was formed.

These strata, as a whole, are the geological equivalents of the New Red Sandstone and Marl of England, with this difference—that the Muschelkalk is entirely absent in our country, and we only possess the New Red Sandstone (Bunter) and the New Red Marl (Keuper).

The kind of arguments already applied to part of the Permian strata, may with equal force be used in relation to the New

Red Sandstone and Marl of England. I have for long held that our New Red Sandstone was deposited in an inland lake, probably salt, and that our New Red Marl was certainly formed in a salt lake. Pseudomorphous crystals of salt are common throughout the whole formation, which, besides, contains two great beds of rock salt, each 80 or 100 feet thick, which could only have been deposited in a lake that had no outflow, and from which all the water poured into it by the rivers of the country was entirely got rid of by evaporation induced by solar heat. It has been proved by analyses that all spring and river waters contain chloride of sodium and other salts in solution, and in such a lake, by constant evaporation, salts must in time have become so concentrated that the water could hold no more in solution. This state of evaporation is now going on in the comparatively rainless areas of the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and in numerous lakes in Central Asia, though it is by no means asserted that in all of these positive deposition of salt has begun to take place. At length saline deposits began to be formed, which in the case of the New Red Marl consisted chiefly of common salt. This is impossible in an ordinary ocean, for the salt in solution cannot there be sufficiently concentrated to permit of deposition.

Gypsum and other salts contained in the red marl may also have been formed in like manner, and as in the Permian and Old Red formations, I consider that the peroxide of iron which stains both salt and marl may have been carried into the lakes in solution as carbonate of iron to be afterwards deposited as a peroxide.

The remains of plants found in the British Keuper beds also speak of a surrounding land, while the Crocodile (*Stagonolepis*), the Dinosauria (land reptiles), Lizards (one of them a true land lizard, *Telerpeton*), and six supposed species of Labyrinthodont Amphibia, all tell the same tale of Land. Rain-prints and sun-cracks are not wanting to help in the argument, and while the fishes yield no conclusive proof, the well-known bivalve crustacean *Estheria minuta* might have lived in any kind of area occupied by salt water, while the small Marsupial Mammal *Microlestes antiquus* speaks conclusively of land.

Taken as a whole, it seems to me that the nearest conception we can form of part of the old continent in which the Permian and New Red strata were de-

posited, is that it physically resembled the great area of inland drainage of Central Asia, in which, from the Caspian 3000 miles to the eastward, almost all the lakes are salt in a region comparatively rainless, and in which the area occupied by inland salt or brackish waters was formerly much more extensive than at present.

And now let me endeavour to sum up the whole of the argument. If, as I believe, the Old Red Sandstone was deposited in a lake or lakes; if the Coal-measures, as witnessed by the great river beds, estuarine shoals, and wide-spread terrestrial vegetation, show proof of a continental origin; if the Permian strata were formed in inland salt or brackish waters, and if the New Red beds had a similar origin — then from the close of the Uppermost Silurian formation down to the influx of the Rhaetic sea, which brought the Keuper Marl period to an end, there existed over the north of Europe, and in other lands besides, a great continent throughout all that time, one main feature of which was the abundance of Reptilian and Amphibian life. This old continent was probably comprisable in extent to any of the largest continents of the present day, and perhaps comparable in the length of its duration to all the time represented by all the Mesozoic strata from the close of the Triassic epoch down to the latest strata of the Chalk, and it may be even comprehending the additional time occupied in the formation of the Tertiary strata. But this latter part of the subject I propose to work out before long.

One other point remains. I have elsewhere attempted to prove, and the opinion is gaining ground in England, that this long continental epoch embraces at least two glacial episodes, as witnessed first by the boulder-beds of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland and the north of England, and secondly by the occurrence of similar deposits containing far-borne erratic blocks and ice-scratched stones in a portion of that part of the Permian strata that is usually considered to represent the German Rothliegende. Should this be finally admitted it may, on astronomical grounds, some day help us in the positive measurement of geological time.

Finally, let me rapidly pass in review what I think we know of later terrestrial, as opposed to marine epochs, in the British and neighbouring areas of Europe. A wide-spread partial submergence

brought the old continent to an end, and during the Liassic and Oolitic epoch (Jurassic) the Highlands of Scotland and other mountain regions in the British Islands formed, with some other European Palæozoic rocks, groups of islands, round which, in warm seas, the Jurassic strata were deposited. These relics of an older continent, by deposition of newer strata and subsequent gradual upheaval, began to grow in extent, and at length formed the great continental area through which the mighty rivers flowed that deposited the strata of the Purbeck and Wealden series of England and the continent of Europe.

A larger submergence at length closed this broad local terrestrial epoch, and in those areas now occupied by Northern Europe (and much more besides), the sea, during the deposition of great part of the Chalk, attained a width and depth so great, that probably only the tops of our British Palæozoic mountains stood above its level.

By subsequent elevation of the land, the fluvio-marine Eocene strata of Western Europe were formed, including in the term fluvio-marine the whole English series, embracing the London Clay, which as shown by its plant remains was deposited at, or not far from, the mouth of a great river, which in size, and in the manner of the occurrence of some of these plants, may be compared to the Ganges. With this latter continent there came in from some land, unknown as yet, a great and new terrestrial-mammalian fauna wonderfully different from that which preceded it in Mesozoic times, and from that day to this the greater part of Europe has been essentially a continent, and in a large sense all its terrestrial faunas have been of modern type.

One shadowy continent still remains unnamed, far older than the oldest of those previously spoken of. What and where was the land from which the thick and wide deposits that form the Silurian strata of Europe were derived? For all sedimentary strata, however thick and extended in area, represent the degradation of an equal amount of older rocks wherewith to form them. Probably, like the American Laurentian rocks, that old land lay in the north, but whether or not, of this at all events I have more than a suspicion, that the red, so-called Cambrian, beds at the base of the Lower Silurian series indicate the last relics of the fresh waters of that lost continent, sparingly interstratified with grey marine

beds, in which a few trilobites and other sea forms have been found. Going back in time beyond this, all reasoning or detailed geological history becomes vague in the extreme. The faunas of the Cambrian and especially of the Lower Silurian rocks, from their abundance and variety show that they are far removed from the beginning of life. Looking to the vanishing point in the past and the unknown future, well might Hutton declare that in all that the known rocks tell us "we find no vestige of a beginning—no trace of an end."

From Chambers' Journal.
THE CONIBOS.

IN the course of the exploration of South America from the Pacific to the Atlantic, whose history is being narrated in instalments by Mr. Paul Marcoy,* the expedition fell in with, and made careful studies of a number of Indian tribes whose existence is hardly known to the outer world, but who offer an almost endless variety of tribal customs and individual features to the observation of the traveller. Among these there are some who, having in former times been brought under the now long-dispelled influence of the Spanish *Missiones*, adopted a kind of Christianity, and for a time, at least, had a glimmering of civilization; while there are others who have never suffered the isolation of their savage life to be interrupted by communications from without, who have adhered steadily to their own ways, and whose aspect of to-day is, in all probability, precisely the same as that of their forefathers, countless generations before the armed heel of Pizarro rang upon the soil of Peru. Among the latter are the Conibos, a very singular tribe, whose territory occupies two hundred miles of river-frontage, and may be found upon the map of the Amazons between Paruitcha and Cosiabatay. Their country abounds in wonderful beauty, and is eminently productive. Inland, on either bank of the gigantic river, beyond the long stretches of sand, rise yellow-tinted slopes, crowned with primeval forests, which are tenanted by the beautiful birds and beasts that abound in regions but little disturbed by even savage man. The river in this part of its course is very

* *A Journey across South America from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean.* By Paul Marcoy. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

beautiful, winding about, studded with islands; and when, in narrow channels, it rolls its yellow waters between the solemn walls of verdure, which sometimes replace the sands, there is perfect silence on its bosom, while the air beyond is filled with the fluttering of leaves, and the stir of birds and beasts. As the canoes of the explorers glide along, a succession of exquisite landscapes, and strange sights by the river-side, glorious daybreaks, twilights, and moonlights, lend the scene an inconceivable beauty. Legions of living creatures are there; caymans plough the sand in furrows; seals come up to breathe, lurk under the reeds; in the solitary little bays, dolphins, sometimes four abreast, gambol and flash. All along the shore, on trunks of fallen trees, are wild creatures, jaguars, otters, herons, storks, flamingoes, fishing; and trotting about fearless, unmolested, is the bird of poetic name, the cultirostre or "peacock of the roses." There, too, are couroucous, clothed in green, red, and gold; manakins, with changing streaks of colour; orioles and toucans, parrots and paroquets, and the great kingfisher, with his azure back and white wings fringed with black. Then comes a strip of reeds, broad-leaved, curling, thick, and strong, of great height, close covert for countless water and mud creatures; and again the broad shelving sands. A poetic voyage, truly, but sometimes interrupted by a strange sound, not to be heard without terror even when it has been often heard. It is the noise of the frequent landslips, when huge masses of the river-banks, composed of sand and vegetable detritus, have been undermined by the waves, and suddenly detaching themselves from the firm ground for perhaps a mile in length, slip down into the great river, dragging with them the trees they have nourished, and the linking lianas which bind them together, as though with mighty cables. Down they rush, with all their beautiful living load, and are lost in the waters, while the thunder of their ruin, often heard at ten miles' distance, is like heavy discharges of ordnance.

Beyond the shelving sands, by the creeks and streams which branch off from the great Ucayali-Amazon, the Conibos dwell; a race utterly isolated, but a branch of the once great Pano nation. But for the habitual expression of strangeness and sadness which characterizes their countenances, in common with those of all the Peruvian Indians, the Conibos differ from the other native tribes. They

are singularly short of stature, never exceeding, rarely ever reaching five feet three, lumpish of figure, with high cheek-bones, small yellow eyes (the pupils tobacco-colour), oblique in shape, and set wide apart. Their thick lips disclose yellow teeth, well set, and gums dyed black by the use of an Indian plant called yanammen. Their faces are almost spherical, and Mr. Marcoy says this shape "gives them a look of *bonhomie* and simplicity which corrects the disagreeable impression they make at first sight." Their skin is very dark, and has a peculiarity which reveals at once the chief drawback to the otherwise exquisite pleasure of travelling in their beautiful country; "it is rough to the touch, like shagreen," says Mr. Marcoy, "from being incessantly punctured by mosquitoes." These dreadful insects are the plague of the whole country; the foreigner suffers unbearably from them, and they never leave off biting the Conibos, who do not seem to mind them. Both men and women cut their hair like a brush to the level of the eyebrows, and leave the rest to flow over their shoulders. It is a peculiarity of this tribe that ornament, indeed almost clothing, is reserved for the men only. In the typical portraits furnished by Mr. Marcoy, the women wear only a strip of brown cloth, though the mosquitoes are quite impartial in their attacks, while the men wear a loose garment, like a wagoner's smock without sleeves, of brown cotton, ornamented with a border of Greek pattern, lozenges, and zigzags, traced in black with a pencil to imitate embroidery. Whence came this vague sense of art? They all paint their faces, but the men use more colouring than the women, laying on the red very freely, in thick, broad stripes. Black paint is used for (literally) body-colour. A Conibo in full dress will have sandals painted on his feet as far as the ankles, or buskins as high as the knees, like riding-boots; a jacket or coat painted on his body, open at the breast, and festooned round the hips; on his hands gloves or mittens. But besides these ordinary designs, they have arabesques of the most complicated kind for gala-days, which they apply to their faces by a process of stencilling, just as the Etruscans applied their patterns to their vases, and they adorn themselves with necklaces and earrings of black and white beads which they buy at Tierra Blanca. A few of the men who occasionally visit the Missions to exchange turtles, or the prepared fat of

those creatures, or wax, for axes, knives, and beads, have learned the use of straw hats, which they make for themselves from the young palm reeds. The toilet of the men is a serious operation, in which a Conibo usually spends half his time; the women never think of any personal adornment, and are mere slaves, toilers, and beasts of burden. Their intelligence is, however, very remarkable, and it is with no small surprise we learn that they possess an extraordinary talent for the manufacture of pottery, and for painting and varnishing it afterwards. This is so entirely unlike anything which has been observed respecting the other Peruvian Indian tribes, that it induces a belief in the superior antiquity of the descent of the Conibos, of their kinship to the original race. These women have no tools but their fingers, and one of the shells of those great mussels which are found in the lakes of the interior. With these they fashion water-jars, jugs, cups, and basins, whose forms might belong to the best period of the Ando-Peruvian ceramic manufacture. "They roll the clay into thin cakes," says Mr. Marcoy, "which they lay one upon another, and unite with such exactness that it would be impossible to discover in their work an equivocal line or a doubtful curve. The potter's wheel is not more mathematically true." It is in a clearing of the forest, always situated a few steps from their dwelling, and which the men use as a timber-yard for the construction of their canoes, that the women establish their earthenware manufacture. To bake and varnish their work, a clear fire is lighted on the shore. Whilst they overlook the progress of the operation, an old woman sings and dances round the pile, to prevent the evil spirit from touching the vessels. When the vessels are baked, the women varnish the interior with gum-copal, and then proceed to their exterior decoration. Five simple colours are all that these native artists make use of; the art of mixing, and the transition shades, are either unknown to them, or not available. Lampblack, yellow extracted from one of the *Guttiferae*, a violet-tinted blue yielded by the American indigo, a dirty green obtained by macerating the leaves of a capsicum, and a dull red procured from the arnotto, form their entire array of tints. Their pencils are made of three or four blades of dried grass fastened in the middle, or even of a cotton wick, rolled up like those paper "stumps" which artists make for themselves as they want them. Besides Greek

borders, lozenges, intersecting lines, and other ornamental fancies, which they employ in the decoration of their pottery, their painted designs include some charming hieroglyphics, suggested by the plumage of the beautiful heron of the country (*Ardea helias*). "The fantastic markings of this bird, extremely rare, and nearly always solitary, have given the Conibo women the idea of a special kind of arabesques for their vases and woven stuffs, as the spatula-shaped tail of the seal has furnished the men with the model for their paddles."

In addition to this combination of industry and art, which is a most surprising spectacle to the traveller in that wonderful wild land, these people, far more destitute than most of the African tribes of the merest rudiments of property or mechanism, have two funny possessions, never wanting in the cotton-cloth wallet of a Conibo: one is a pair of tweezers, formed of the two shells of a *mutilus*, united by a hinge made of thread; the other is a "snuff-taking apparatus," consisting of a snuff-box made of the shell of a *bulimus*, which its possessor fills to the orifice with tobacco which has been cut in the green state, dried in the shade, and ground to the finest powder. The Conibos do not take snuff merely for their pleasure, it has a medicinal value among them. When a Conibo feels his head heavy, or has caught cold, he begs a comrade to blow down the empty tube of his snuff-taking apparatus—known by the suggestive name *chica-chaouh*, and thus gets the powdered nicotine with which the other tube is filled forced up his nose. That done, the Conibo, blowing, snuffing, and sneezing, exhibits his perfect satisfaction by a singular smacking of the lips and tongue, which is habitual among these people, and is significant of a variety of meanings. When a Conibo agrees to a plan or project, when he wishes to express his pleasure or pride in having overcome a difficulty, when he has the food he prefers, when he is satisfied with the elasticity of his bow, under all pleasant circumstances, indeed, the Conibo smacks his lips and his tongue.

The arms of the Conibos are the bow and arrow, the club, and the shooting-tube. Through the last they send sharp poisoned darts, but, unlike the other tribes of the Amazon, whose war-lances are almost always poisoned, they use them solely for the destruction of animals. The tribe live almost entirely on the turtle. In vain do the forests and the waters

offer them a luxurious variety of food; nothing but the turtle, its flesh, its grease, its eggs, its oil, has any charm for them. They eat certain kinds of worms as *hors-d'œuvre*, and delight in fat, blood-gorged mosquitoes, which they permit to attain full condition upon their own skin, undisturbed, as a *bonne bouche*. They massacre the unlucky amphibia at all stages of their existence; but the supply seems as yet to be inexhaustible. Any idea of a provision for the future appears to be utterly unconceived by the Conibos. They live from day to day, and only hunt or fish when hunger spurs them. Their eagerness in turtle-fishing is rather for the sake of selling the grease and oil at the Missions for axes, knives, and beads, than for that of laying up any store for their own wants. They are, though always poor, very hospitable. A Conibo will offer to the friend or traveller who visits his mud and leaf hut, the last banana, the last morsel of turtle, the last leg of monkey, with the utmost cheerfulness. They have acquired some notion of clearing and culture. Their plantations, in the middle of an island, or in the corner of a forest, consist of perhaps a dozen sugar-canes, two or three cotton shrubs, from which they weave a kind of cloth, some tobacco, and earth-nuts; and these little spaces are cut out in the forest, the fallen trees are left to dry, then they are burned, and the sowing or planting done on their smouldering ashes. A Conibo spade is the shoulder-bone of a seal, with a stick for a handle. Bigamy is tolerated among these peaceful savages, and indeed they would not object to polygamy, only that they have made a law among themselves that a man shall not have more wives than he can support, and, as they are extraordinarily idle, even for savages, this enactment practically limits the number to two. Their funeral ceremonies are very curious, resembling the ancient Scandinavian death-rites. They have an idea of an Omnipotent Being, the creator of heaven and earth, whom they address indifferently, as *Papa*, father, and *Huchi*, grandfather. Their notion of this Being is not without a touch of poetry. "They represent him to themselves," says Mr. Marcoy, "under the human form, filling space, but concealed from their eyes, and say, that after having created this globe, he fled away to the sidereal regions, from whence he continues to watch over his work. They neither render him any homage, nor recall him to mind, except when an earth-

quake rouses them to fear and piety." The Conibos believe that earthquakes are caused by the movements of the Great Spirit, who, anxious to satisfy himself that the work of his hands still exists, comes down from the stars to look after it. Then the Conibos run out of their dwellings, leaping and making wild gestures, and each exclaiming, as if in reply to the call of an invisible person: "*Ipima, ipima, evira igni, papa, evira igni!*" (A moment, a moment, behold me, father, behold me!) Opposed to this good spirit, there is an evil spirit, called Yunima, dwelling in the earth's centre. Whatever evils affect the nation are attributed to him, and the Conibos fear him so much, that they avoid, as far as possible, uttering his name.

Surrounded by turbulent and treacherous tribes outside the broad extent of their beautiful territory, these quiet, unwarlike, idle people dwell, with their utter savagery on so many sides, their strange unaccountable art, and marked by one characteristic which is totally unlike any other Indian tribe—it is, a wonderful aptitude for training birds and quadrupeds without depriving them of their liberty. Peccaries and tapirs may be seen following their masters like spaniels, and obeying their every command. Macaws, caciques, toucans, carassows—all birds of beautiful plumage, come and go between the huts of the Conibos and their native forests with the calmest confidence. But their favourite animal is the ape. He goes with them everywhere, and affords them incessant amusement. They are a strange people, a tribe apart among the savages of South America, and the account of them is an interesting feature of an instructive book.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S POSITION IN GERMANY.

A FORTNIGHT has elapsed since the Reichstag was closed and Prince Bismarck retired to his usual resting-place of Varzin. Yet our newspapers have only just commenced to discuss the last debates in the German Parliament and the possible motives of the Chancellor's temporary retreat. If we are to believe certain writers, Prince Bismarck has of late fallen into disgrace both with the German people and the German Sovereign, and has sullenly withdrawn from

the arena of public life. To any one familiar with Prussian politics, such a view of the Chancellor's position can only appear as the result of an arbitrary combination of circumstances construed after the analogy of affairs in Paris or London.

It has never been a secret amongst the well-informed that Prince Bismarck's influence upon his Sovereign has always been as difficult to maintain as it was hard to win. Its beginnings date from that early period when the Prussian Ambassador at Frankfurt, so coldly supported by his Government, used to go to Coblenz weekly in order to pay his respects to the then not over-popular Prince of Prussia. No sooner had the Prince been appointed Regent than he gave to the discontented diplomatist a significant token of his favour by appointing him to the St. Petersburg embassy. To him again he resorted when the "Old Liberals," by a want of courage and frankness still more than by want of skill, had entangled themselves and the King in the question of army reorganization. Prince Bismarck could undertake the task of cutting the Gordian knot—there was no longer any hope of untying it—on two conditions only: it was necessary to keep complete hold over his master's mind and to be staunchly supported by the upper branch of the Parliament and by his colleagues. As he had chosen the latter among Conservatives of the purest water he could fully rely upon them as long as he opposed Parliament, press, and public opinion. The Lords' support was yet more certain, for with them interest came to the help of conviction. It was less easy to overcome the King's constitutional scruples, carefully kept alive, so it was said at the time, by the Liberal element of the Court which gathered round the Queen and the Crown Prince.

The situation changed altogether in 1866. The leading statesman was abandoned by his fellow-Ministers, who could not forgive his making peace with the rebellious Parliament. Everybody remembers how the Herrenhaus became more and more estranged from him, who had been their ideal of a statesman; and it is not unknown how a numerous and influential section of the Court, partly moved by Legitimist conditions, partly by family considerations centered about the dethroned or mediatised dynasties, opened a regular campaign against the fortunate Minister. From 1866 to 1870 Prince Bismarck had to fight his

ground daily and hourly against those hostile elements combined. Thus he was obliged to fall back for support on the Liberal party in Parliament, which, instead of easing his difficult task, seemed bent on irritating his most nervous temper on every possible occasion. The King, divided by the old anti-Austrian traditions of the Hohenzollern policy and the more recent examples of his father and brother—wavering between the admiration and confidence with which his great Minister inspired him, and the gratitude he felt for the men who had stood by him in the days of danger—was no easy subject to deal with. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck, whose one rule of conduct is to serve his country and his master under all circumstances, and who had taken the Liberal side as he had formerly taken and was ready to take again the Conservative side, had no difficulty in getting rid of his ancient allies. King William, who is not easily brought to dismiss even the least able of his old servants, provided they have faithfully served him and the State, defended his Ministers obstinately against their chief. Years passed before the Premier obtained the successive resignation of Count Lippe, Von der Heide, Von Muhler, and finally Counts Selchow and Itzenplitz, replacing them by Liberal commoners like Dr. Leonhardt, Camphausen, Dr. Falck, and Dr. Achenbach. It took yet longer, not to reform the House of Lords as he wished, but to subdue it by the creation of a batch of peers. To secure each of these small victories he was obliged to exert his whole influence, to threaten resignation, and often to withdraw to Varzin, leaving his master to cope alone with the difficulties of a given situation. Thus, and thus only, was it possible to gain acceptance for the numerous liberal measures which have been voted during the last seven years both in the Prussian and German Parliament.

Much remained still to be done, however, to make the Prussian Cabinet completely homogeneous. Field-Marshal Von Roon's great merits, as well as his honest but stubborn character, seem to have hindered this as much as Count Eulenburg's excessive suppleness and versatility. Two survivors of the Bismarck Cabinet of 1862 hold on, and it was they who prevented the reform of the House of Peers so much desired by the Chancellor, who, like all powerful natures, does not like to be hampered by troublesome instruments. In the German

Chancellerie he enjoys undisputed sway. There he has no colleagues, but only officials: intelligent, independent, active officials, but only officials. There he has to do with the Bundesrath and Reichstag alone, and has no fear that his plans will be crossed by a rebellious House of Lords. And what he wishes is to diminish the importance of the Prussian Ministry and Parliament; and he believes that his personal aspirations coincide with those of the nation as well as with the historical development of the German State; he feels himself supported by the current of affairs and by public opinion — as often as public opinion understands him and his aims, which is not always the case in the Fatherland, where political intelligence is as rare in 1873 as it was in 1865. The first step Prince Bismarck made towards his aim was in the beginning of this year, when he resigned the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet, handing it over to Field-Marshal Von Roon, with the remarkable observation that he might occasionally send in his vote through Herr Delbruck when he should not be able to attend the Council himself. The next step he has just made in obtaining for his *alter ego*, Herr Von Balan, the right to fill his seat in the Council, and to take part in its deliberations, if not with the same authority, certainly in the same spirit as his superior: for Herr von Balan is not the man to forget or neglect his patron's instructions. The question now is, whether the absence of the first man in the realm from the Prussian Ministry will, as he seems to believe, throw that body into the shade, or whether the Prince's absence from the Council will impair his influence in the State. As yet, if we judge by facts, the Chancellor is completely master of the situation; as the religious policy of Prussia and the Empire — his personal work — distinctly proves.

Nor is the influence of Prince Bismarck on the wane in the Reichstag. A bitter altercation which took place between the Chancellor and the leader of the Liberal majority in the House, Herr Lasker, on the 16th of June (in which the former was certainly right, if not in form, at any rate in substance), is already forgotten. A week afterwards Herr Lasker publicly made his peace with the Chancellor in the Chancellor's own drawing-room. This incident was due to the new Press Bill which Prince Bismarck had been careless enough to introduce. However, Parliament and the Liberal party know him too well to bear him any ill-will, and

are far from giving the matter the importance attached to it by the foreign press. The situation — apart from the aforesaid incident, raised by some misused and misunderstood terms in Herr Lasker's speech — was in fact this: — Prince Bismarck had promised his master to have discussed and voted during this session the law on the German army, which the Field-Marshal von Moltke and von Roon deem indispensable to assimilate the whole German force to the Prussian system. On the other hand, the House insisted upon the presentation of a general Press Bill. Prince Bismarck, equally indifferent to these questions, and understanding as little about the one as the other, had evidently but one desire — viz. to satisfy both the Emperor and the Reichstag, through whose will he governs Germany. So he promised a law on the press, as he had promised a law on the army, and charged his Prussian officials with the drawing of a bill. He asserted afterwards — and there is no reason to doubt his word — that he had not sufficiently studied the bill before introducing it; and he hinted that the whole affair might be a blow aimed at himself, and intended to make him appear ultra-Conservative in the eyes of the Liberals. He might have added that even if he had studied the bill he would not have understood its bearing; for there is no public man in Europe, perhaps, more ignorant of the conditions and the power of the press than the Chancellor: he is always either overrating or underrating it. All this, however, is no excuse for a statesman. As soon as he had endorsed the measure it became his; and he disowned and withdrew it too late. The Chancellor, indeed, has one great defect — “le défaut d'une qualité” — which often plays him dangerous tricks. He is wont to concentrate his intellect and influence on one point at a time, and to neglect all else. This, no doubt, gives him unusual strength, but it allows certain questions to grow into dangerous difficulties. He might have prevented the Catholic question from assuming the proportions it has taken by supporting Prince Hohenlohe's and Count Daru's proposal in February, 1870. But he was then engrossed in watching the movements of France; and when he turned his mind to the subject it was late, if not too late. And the same thing seems to have happened to him in regard to this question of internal policy, wherein he needs the support of all German Liberals to counterbalance certain Court influences. Parliament, however,

knows the man too well, and has learned by too sharp an experience that he is to be taken as he is, to withdraw their confidence from him because of a single false step. Scarcely had he withdrawn the bill on the press, when the untoward event was forgotten and forgiven; and it is by no means impossible that a liberal press law may be introduced in the November session, together with the general Army Bill. Besides, many members seem to think that the Chancellor was not very wrong when he contested the right of the small class of German journalists to identify itself with the people and to oppose Government to people. The German nation cares less for new press laws than for those measures which, like the Coinage Bill and the Bill for the unification of the civil law, accelerate the unity of Germany and facilitate the intercourse of her citizens; and the nation is perfectly aware that Prince Bismarck is still, as ever, the most powerful champion those measures have.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CHURCH AND STATE IN HUNGARY.

THE Bishop of Rovnyo, in the north of Hungary, lately published in a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese the decrees of the Vatican Council relating to the infallibility of the Pope without having obtained the Royal permission required by law for the publication of decrees coming from Rome. The Bishop was in consequence duly reprimanded by M. Trefort, the Minister for Public Worship. Some members of the Opposition in the Hungarian Parliament brought forward a motion censuring the Minister for not having proceeded with greater severity against the offending prelate, and cited a law of the date of 1507 as justifying his deposition from office. The Minister replied by proposing the appointment of a Commission to report on the relations of Church and State in Hungary. The debate which followed has afforded M. Deák, "the sage of the country," an opportunity of expressing his views with regard to the subject. His speech, which of course appears in all the honour of large print in the *Pesti Napló*, is distinguished, like all his other greater efforts, by a tone of studied moderation. Having first justified the Minister in terms calculated to propitiate the *amour propre* of his censors, he proposed to take the incident before them

as the starting-point of a long course of cautious legislation, designed to bring about the same relations between the State and religious bodies in Hungary as exist in the United States. While avowing his preference for the American method of solving, or rather of avoiding, difficulties between Church and State, he said that in Europe, owing to the close union between the two in the past, such a method could only be adopted gradually and cautiously. At the same time, it was necessary to avoid even the faintest appearance of persecution or partiality, for no man is so dangerous as a martyr. Thus he would object to simply excluding the bishops of the Roman and Greek Churches from the Upper House, but, when the question of the reform of the Upper House came on for discussion, would favour a proposal that no official position should carry with it a seat in that House, as that would not invidiously single out bishops alone for exclusion. In the second place, he hoped soon to see civil marriage made compulsory, observing that optional and not compulsory civil marriage should be regarded with disfavour by the clergy as savouring of insult to their order. Thirdly, M. Deák, while admitting that many of his hearers would not agree with him, expressed his desire to see the property of the State Church divided equitably between the Church and the State, the share of the former to be devoted to religious purpose, that of the latter to education. On this point he could not hold up for imitation the conduct of other European States, some of whom had simply confiscated the property of the Church without giving any equivalent benefit, while others on taking possession of Church property charged themselves with the expenses of public worship, thus introducing a new source of complications in the place of the old. Lastly, with regard to the self-government of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary, M. Deák held that the State had only a negative right of interference; in other words, that it should not prescribe to Hungarian Catholics any scheme of self-government, but merely veto those points in which the rights of the State may be infringed. For instance, he would not allow any religious body to arrogate to itself the right of punishing its members. M. Deák closed his speech by deprecating most earnestly any discussion of the question as to which party had been hitherto most in the right.